



FEATURE

COMICS



JANUARY



Starring
THE
DOLL MAN



NO. 40 10¢



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



Bring 'em running from all directions
—the Bike that's first in boys' affections!



Dad and Mom spring a real surprise!
Give Son the bike that draws all eyes.



Soon the gang has heard the clamor,
Comes, wide-eyed, to shout and stammer.



Lucky boy shows its speed and grace.
Makes you happy, to watch his face!



Gang disperses . . . show is through.
"Pop—can't I have a Schwinn Bike too?"



See this streamlined beauty! One of 34 American
and foreign-type models. Dozens of beautiful colors.



SCHWINN BICYCLES

GUARANTEED FOR LIFE ★

GIVE your youngster a Schwinn-Built bicycle this Christmas, and the whole neighborhood's in on it! These famous bicycles are beautiful. Strong and graceful as a whippet! And every boy who sees all Schwinn's exclusive features . . . who tries that Spring Fork smoothness, that Fore Wheel Brake's safety . . . is going to beg for one of his own.

He should get it! There's no fun like riding—no bicycle like Schwinn. The only bicycle with a written *life-time guarantee* for every one of the 34 models. Schwinn-Built bicycles have 60 years of building experience behind them. Send today for illustrated booklet. Then see these bicycles at your dealer's . . . Arnold, Schwinn & Company, 1733 North Kildare Avenue, Chicago.

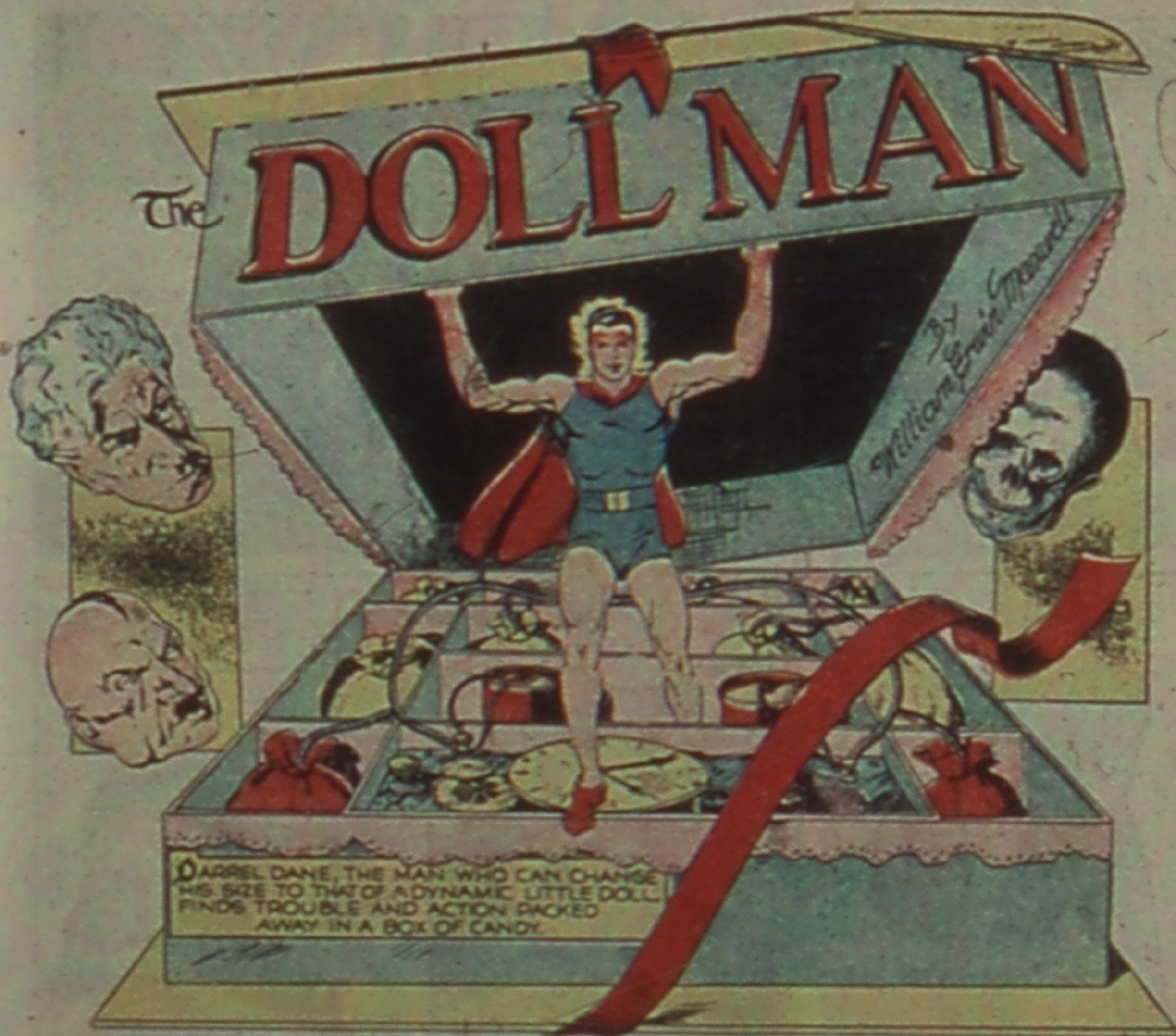
ARNOLD, SCHWINN & CO., 1733 N. Kildare Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me your free booklet about Schwinn-Built bicycles.

Name

Street

City State

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WAIT A MINUTE!
THERE IS SOMETHING FUNNY!



IT'S BETTER INVESTIGATE
BEFORE I CHEW ANY
FURTHER... WHY THERE'S
A NOTE IN HERE?



SOMEONE'S PLANNING
TO BLOW UP THE S.S.
VICEROY, TOMORROW!
HOLY SMOKE!



WHAT
CAN
WE
DO?



I DON'T KNOW... I
COULD GO DOWN AND
WATCH THE BOAT AND
WARN THE OFFICERS,
BUT...



DARREL, WHY NOT
LET THE DOLL MAN
GO TO WORK ON
THIS CASE?



OF COURSE... THE
PLAN'S SIMPLE...
LISTEN, MARTHA,
YOU CAN HELP
TOO!



FOLLOWING DARREL'S PLAN,
MARTHA RETURNS THE CANDY
TO THE POST OFFICE...



LATER...

YES, MR. ROBERTS,
THE PACKAGE WAS
RETURNED. IT
WAS DELIVERED
BY MISTAKE...
WE'RE SORRY!





FOR SEVERAL MINUTES ALL IS QUIET ALONG THE WATERFRONT.



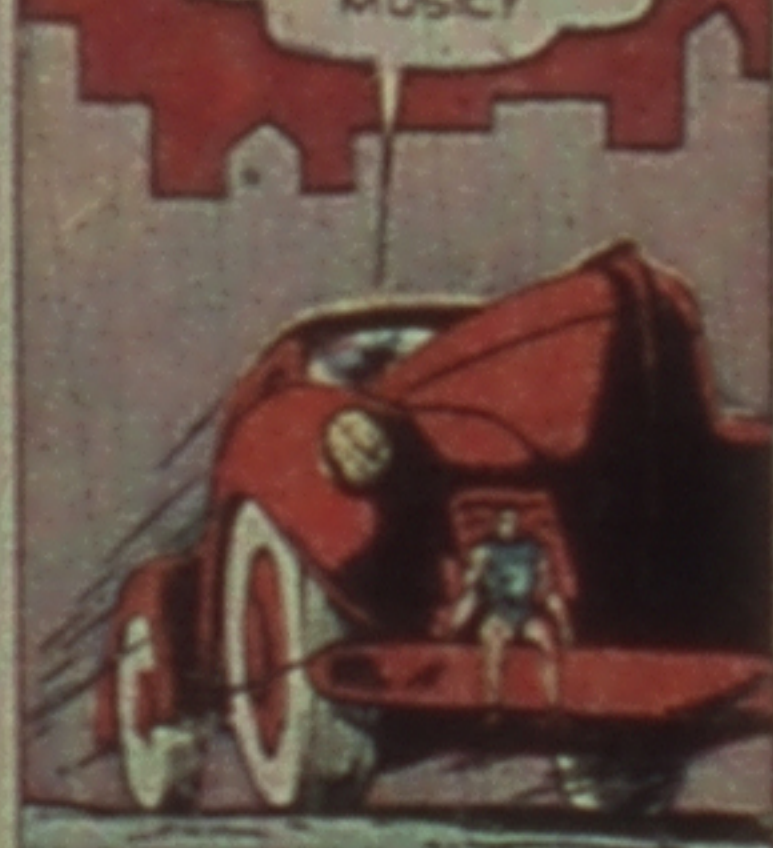
THEN A SPLASH BREAKS THE SILENCE AS THE BOMB GOES OVERBOARD.



AN HOUR PASSES...THE THUG WATCHES FROM A SIDE STREET.



GRUBER WILL BE SORE AS ALL GET OUT, BUT I GOTTA GO BACK AND FACE THE MUSIC!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED. I FOLLOWED YOUR INSTRUCTIONS TO A T.



BUT YOU FAILED! YOU KNOW THE PENALTY!



PERHAPS OUR PARTNERS ON THE WEST COAST WILL HAVE MORE LUCK WITH THE FLEET THAT IS HAVING MANEUVERS THERE. WE SEND OUR ORDERS IN THE USUAL WAY. A BOX OF CANDY?



THE DOLL MAN TRACKS HIS MAN UNSEEN.



THE DOLL MAN WAITS TILL HIS MAN PASSES A DARK ALLEY, THEN STRIKES.



HE PHONES THE POLICE DIRECTING THEM TO THE SABOTEUR'S HEADQUARTERS.



NOW TO HEAD FOR THE COAST?

AND THE NEXT MOMENT HE IS AGAIN THE NORMAL SIZED GARRETT DANE.



HE SPEEDS TO THE AIRPORT.



AND BOARDS THE PLANE FOR THE WEST COAST.



SOON THE GREAT TRANSPORT ROADS DOWN TO THE FRISCO FIELD.



DANE DELIVERS HIS PACKAGE OF BON BONS TO THE POST OFFICE.



I'LL JUST WAIT TILL HE GOES HOME THEN.

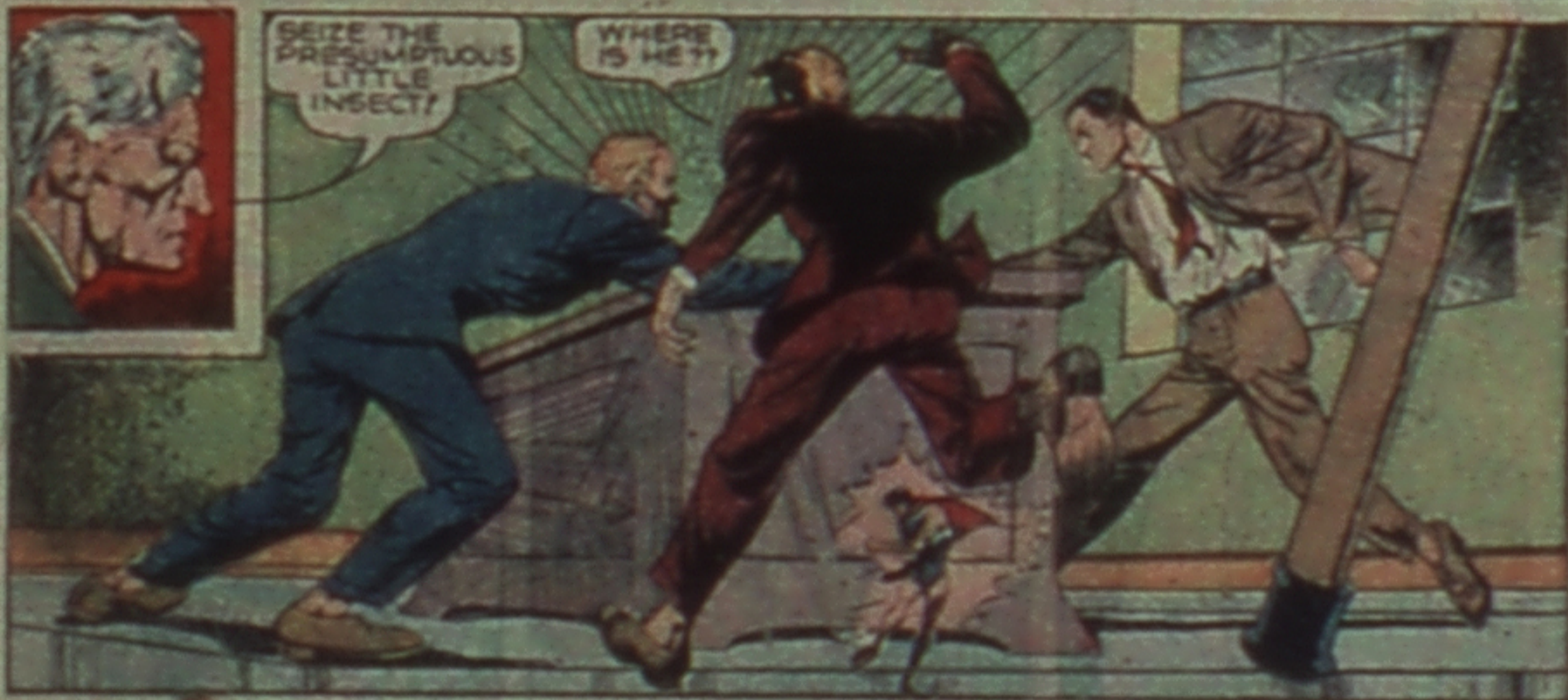


ONCE MORE THE DOLL MAN APPEARS.

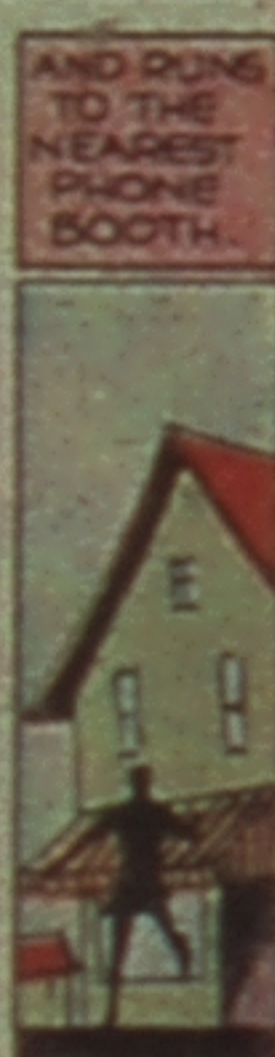
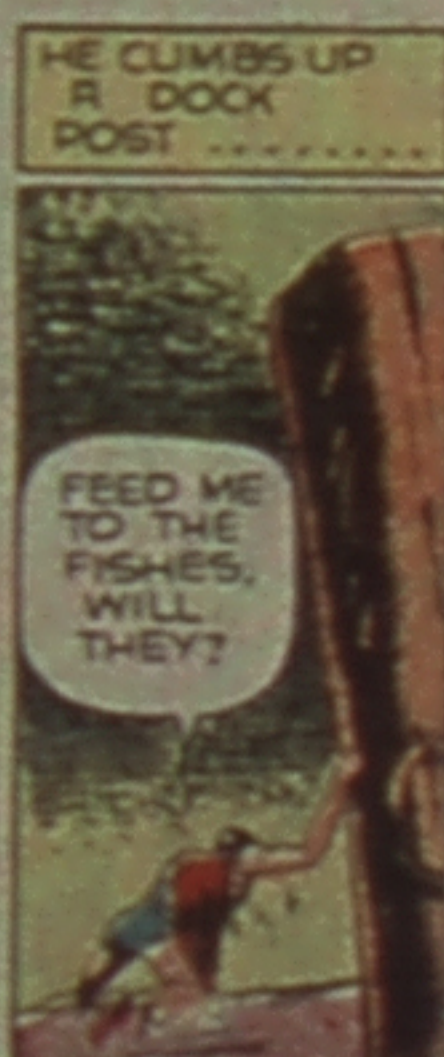


THE NEXT MORNING THE BOX OF CANDY IS CALLED FOR.



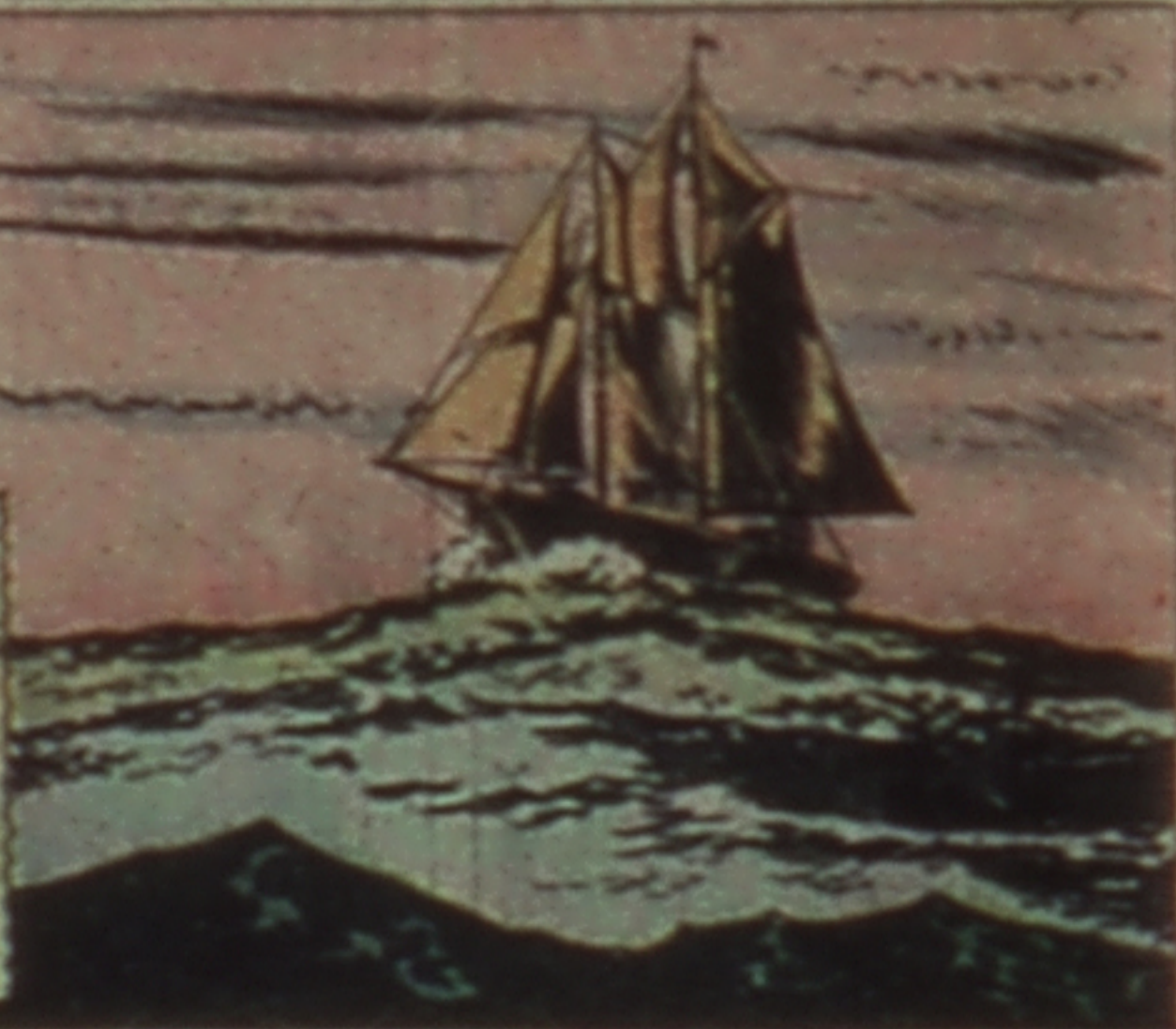






RANCE KEANE

RANCE KEANE IS OFF ON THE BIG ADVENTURE OF HIS LIFE, A HUNT FOR TREASURE! HIS FRIEND HARVEY TOPPING HAS THE CHART, A MUSEUM PROVIDED THE SO-ONER 'WHITE WING,' THEY'VE A FOUR-MAN CREW...AND HERE THEY GO, BOWLING BEFORE A STOUT BREEZE... BOUND FOR THE SOUTH SEAS VIA THE PANAMA CANAL.....



THIS IS THE LIFE, EH, PEE WEE? A SNUG BERTH, WHITE SAILS, AND A SPARKING BREEZE OFF YOUR STERN!

YEAH, FINE, FINE.... ONLY YOU NEED ONE LEG SHORTER 'N TH' OTHER T'WALK ON THIS SLANTING FLOOR!

I DO WORRY ABOUT THAT KANE GIRL, THOUGH, HARVEY.

CANDIDA'S SAFE IN NEW YORK WITH MY WIFE, RANCE. AND SHE'LL BE SAFER AFTER THE JUDGE SENDS THAT PHONY BLIND BEGGAR UP THE RIVER.

WONDER WHAT OL' SOL IS THINKING RIGHT NOW....

MAYBE RANCE'S FEARS ARE WELL FOUNDED AT THAT VERY MOMENT IN NEW YORK CITY...

I SURE HAD A TOUGH TIME RAISING YOUR BAIL MONEY, SOL.

YOU'RE O.K., PLEDER, A GOOD LAWYER. NOW I DON'T EVEN HAVE TO GO TO TRIAL!

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO JUMP BAIL ON ME, ARE YOU, LANS?

LISTEN, PLEDER, I'M GOING AFTER A TREASURE WORTH TWENTY TIMES THAT BAIL AND MORE! SO DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR PUNY LITTLE \$5,000. I'LL PAY YOU BACK THREE TIMES OVER!

LATE THAT NIGHT SOL LANG VISITS HIS OLD FRIEND BAT CRAWLEY.....

SO WE'RE ALL SET, EH BAT? YOU GET A THIRD OF THE TREASURE FOR THE USE OF YOUR SEAPLANE, RIGHT?

IT'S A DEAL, SOL!

NEXT DAY BAT CRAWLEY'S SINISTER CRAFT HEADS SOUTH AFTER THE TREASURE EXPEDITION....

NO HURRY, BAT. WE'D OUGHTA HAVE PLENTY TIME TO COOK UP A HOT RECEPTION FOR 'EM ON THE PACIFIC SIDE!

I KNOW....

TWO WEEKS LATER SOL AND BAT ARE AGAIN FLYING OVER THE VAST EXPANSE OF THE PACIFIC.....

ONE OF THEIR CREW TOLD ME THEY'D BE PUTTING IN AT ABARU ISLAND FOR WATER.

IT'S A CINCH, BAT. WE'LL LEAVE 'EM THERE WITH NO BOAT TWO WEEKS BY STEAM FROM CIVILIZATION, AND THE NATIVES AT HIRST FOR THEIR BLOOD!



ALMOST A MONTH LATER THE WHITE WING DROPS HER HOOK IN THE NATURAL HARBOR AT ABARU... NATIVES PADDLE OUT TO MEET HER.....



HEY, MR. TOPPING, YOU RECKON IT'S SAFE FOR THOSE PAINTED DEVILS TO MESS AROUND THE BOAT?

THEY JUST WANT TO TRADE MATS AND FRUITS. BUT THEY'LL STEAL EVERYTHING THAT ISN'T NAILED DOWN, SO KEEP AN EYE ON THEM.

BUT HARVEY TOPPING'S OPTIMISM IS THEIR UNDOING... ONCE THE NATIVES ARE ABOARD, THEY DROP THEIR WARES... TO RARE WEAPONS OF WAR!



WHAT IN BLAZES--!

EEEEAAA!



SET BELOW DECKS QUICK!

OUR GUNS ARE ALL DOWN THERE!

BUT AT THE DOOR OF THE CABIN.....



DON'T START ANYTHING, RANCE! THOSE SPEARS ARE TIPPED WITH DEADLY POISON!

G-G-GREAT G-G-GOOSE PIMPLES, RANCE! TELL 'EM I BEEN DEADLY POISON! G-G-GOOD ALL MY LIFE! I DON'T MEAN NO H-H-HARM!

WITH SPEAR AND KNIFE AT THEIR BACKS AND THROATS, THE TREASURE HUNTERS ARE FORCED INTO OUTRIGGERS AS THEY NEAR SHORE.....

WE'RE SAVED, RANCE! THERE'S TWO WHITE MEN ON THE BEACH!



IF YOU MEANT WE'RE "SAVED" FOR ROASTING OVER A CANNIBAL FIRE, PEE WEE, MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT!

RANCE! WE'RE SUNK! IT'S SOL LANG HIMSELF...OR HIS GHOST!

BRING THE PRISONERS BEFORE ME!



YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE MY NATIVE SUBJECTS IF THEY TREAT YOU A MITE ROUGH. THEY THINK YOU'RE ALL EVIL SPIRITS THAT HAVE TO BE THROWN TO THE SHARKS AT MOONRISE TONIGHT!

THAT'S WHAT WE TOLD 'EM AND WE'RE ROSS AROUND HERE!



THE PRISONERS ARE HERDED INTO A DARK, BARELY LIT LITTLE CUBICLE BUILT OVER THE SEA, BACK OF THE BUNKER TEMPLE.....

THIS MUST BE THE END, RANCE! ALMOST MIDNIGHT OLD PAL..... GOOD BYE!

MOONRISE IS TONIGHT, AND I SEE SEVERAL WAYS OUT OF THIS ALREADY!

NAME JUST ONE, RANCE!

AS SOON AS IT'S DARK, HELP ME DOWN TO THE WATER, IF I CAN GET TO THE SHIP I CAN GET YOU OUT OF HERE... OR DIE TRYING!

GIVE US YOUR PLAN, RANCE!

WHEN DARKNESS FALLS, RANCE GOES DOWN A ROW OF SHIRTS AND BANTS WHILE THE OTHERS SING LOUDLY TO DISTRACT THE GUARDS

ONE SET ALL ROLL ONE WAY

MORE THAT SINGING COVERS THE PLOP WHEN I DROP IN!

A SHORT SWIM BRINGS RANCE TO SHORE, AS HE MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH THE TANGLED BRUSH, HE COMES UPON BAT'S PLANE....

A SEAPLANE! SO THAT'S HOW THOSE BLACKGUARDS GOT TO THE ISLAND AHEAD OF US!... I CAN USE THOSE PONTOONS VERY NICELY!

RANCE QUICKLY LADENS TOGETHER A PONTON BOAT, PADDLES SILENTLY OUT TO THE WHITE WING

IF LADY LUCK WILL JUST RIDE A LITTLE FURTHER WITH ME NOW!

ON THE BOAT, RANCE FINDS SOL LAWS AND BAT ORBULEY PORN OVER THE TREASURE MAP... DOWN HE CRASHES THROUGH THE CABIN'S SKYLIGHT.....

CRASH

WE'LL ALL BE...

GET YOUR GUN, BAT, I'LL KEEP HIM BUSY! OUGH!

NO YOU DON'T!

SOCK

SO YOUR NAME IS BAT? HOW'S THIS FOR A BAT?



LET'S YOU
AND HIM GET
TOGETHER...
EH, BOYS?



RANCE TRUSSES LANG AND
CRAWLEY LEAVE THEM IN
THE CABIN... HE SEARCHES
IN FRANTIC HASTE THROUGH
THE LOCKERS...

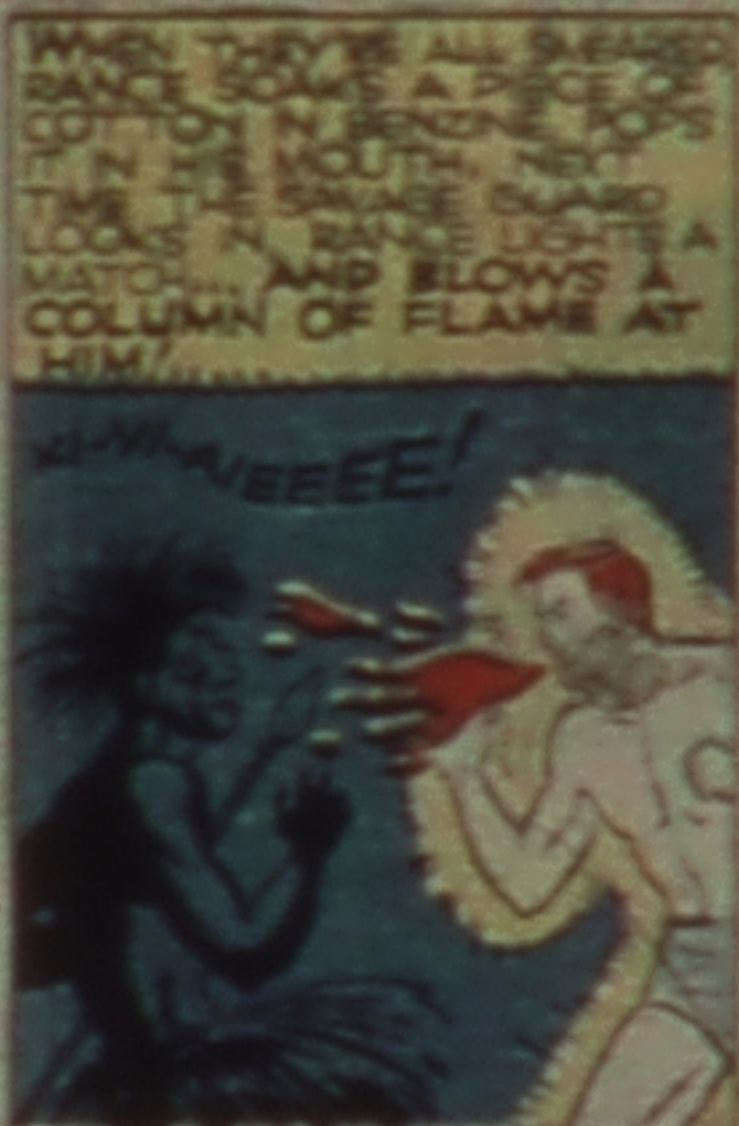
I'VE GOT THE GUNS, ROPE,
COTTON, BUCKET OF PAINT
AND MATCHES ALL PACKED
IN THE DUFFLE BAG... NOW
WHERE IN THUNDER DID
HARVEY STOW THAT
BENZINE?



MOONRISE IS ONLY MINUTES
AWAY... WHEN RANCE SIGNALS
THE IMPRISONED MEN TO HALL
HIM BACK UP...

I KNEW
YOU'D BE
BACK!
RANCE!

QUICK! TRY OPEN
THAT CAN OF PAINT
IN THE DUFFLE AND
SWEAR IT ON YOUR
SKIN! THERE'RE GUNS
TOO, BUT I DON'T WANT
TO KILL ANY NATIVES
UNLESS WE HAVE TO!



WHEN THEY'RE ALL SWEARED
RANCE SOAKS A PIECE OF
COTTON IN BENZINE, POPS
IT IN HIS MOUTH. NEXT
TIME THE SAVAGE GUARD
LOOKS IN, RANCE LIGHTS A
MATCH... AND BLOWS A
COLUMN OF FLAME AT
HIM!



THE WHOLE VILLAGE COMES RUN-
NING WITH SPEARS AND KNIVES...
BUT THEY RUN RIGHT BACK
BEHIND AT WHAT THEY SEE!

NOW! I'M
A SHORE
ENOUGH
SPERRIT!

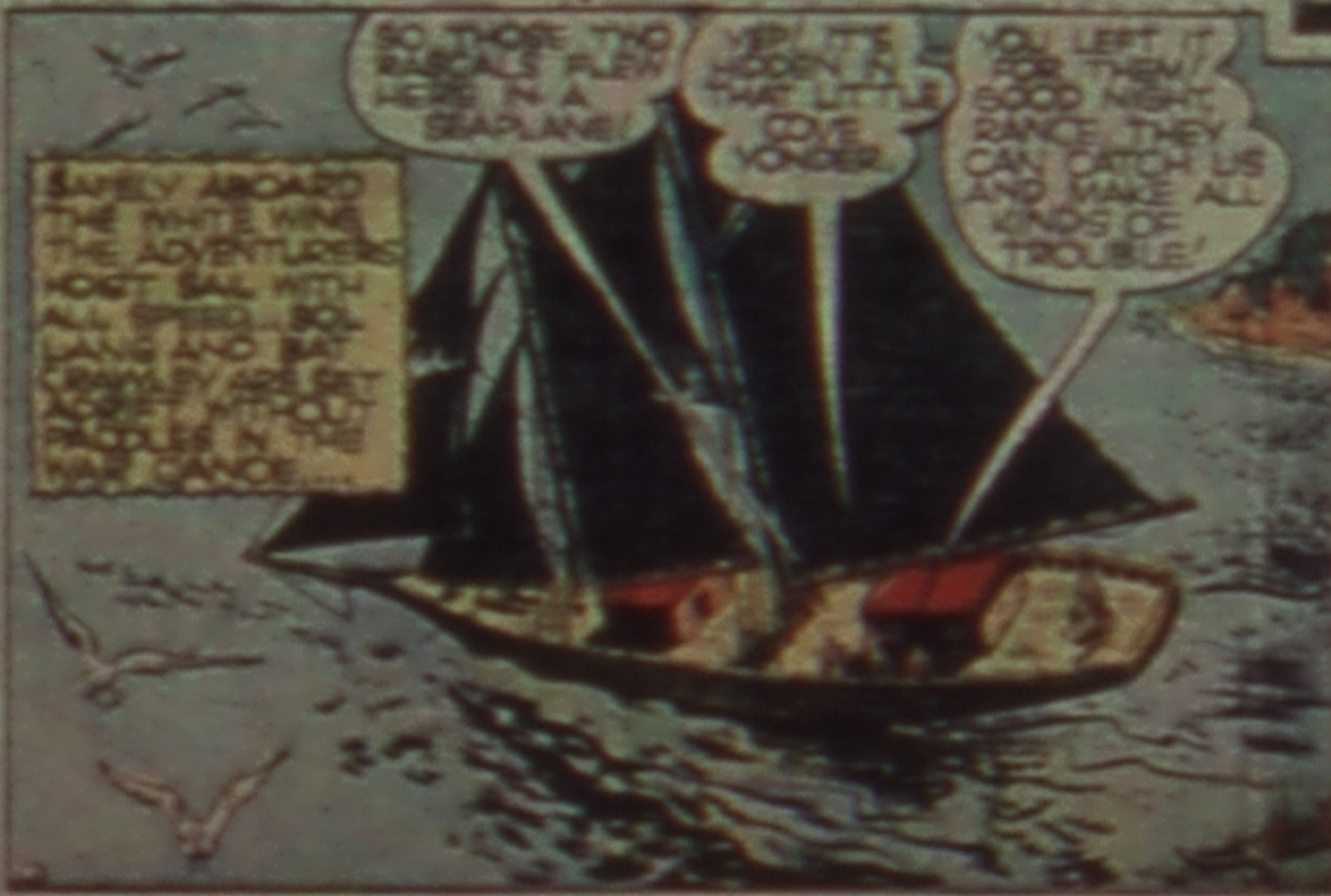
DIRRETY
ZIGETY
YEEAAY!



THE NATIVES SCATTER LIKE
SCARED RABBITS! RANCE,
HIS FRIENDS AND THE CREW
MAKE FOR ONE OF THE WAR
CANOES ON THE BEACH...

RANCE YOU'RE
A GENIUS! NOBODY
ELSE WOULD'VE
THOUGHT OF THAT
LUMINOUS PAINT!

THAT FIRE-EATIN'
ACT WAS NO
BLOUCH OF AN
IDEA EITHER!



SO THOSE TWO
BASCALS FLEW
HERE IN A
SEAPLANE!

YEP! IT'S
HIDDEN IN
THAT LITTLE
COVE
YONDER.

YOU LEFT IT
FOR THEM!
GOOD NIGHT,
RANCE! THEY
CAN CATCH US
AND MAKE ALL
KINDS OF
TROUBLE!

SAFELY ABOARD
THE WHITE WING
THE ADVENTURERS
HOIST SAIL WITH
ALL SPEED... SO
LONELY ALSO
RACEY AND
RACEY IN FOUR
WAR CANOES...



THEY COULD... ONLY
I TOOK THE PONTOONS
OFF IT AND RIPPED BIG
HOLES IN THE BOTTOM
OF THEIR GAS TANKS!

BIG TOP

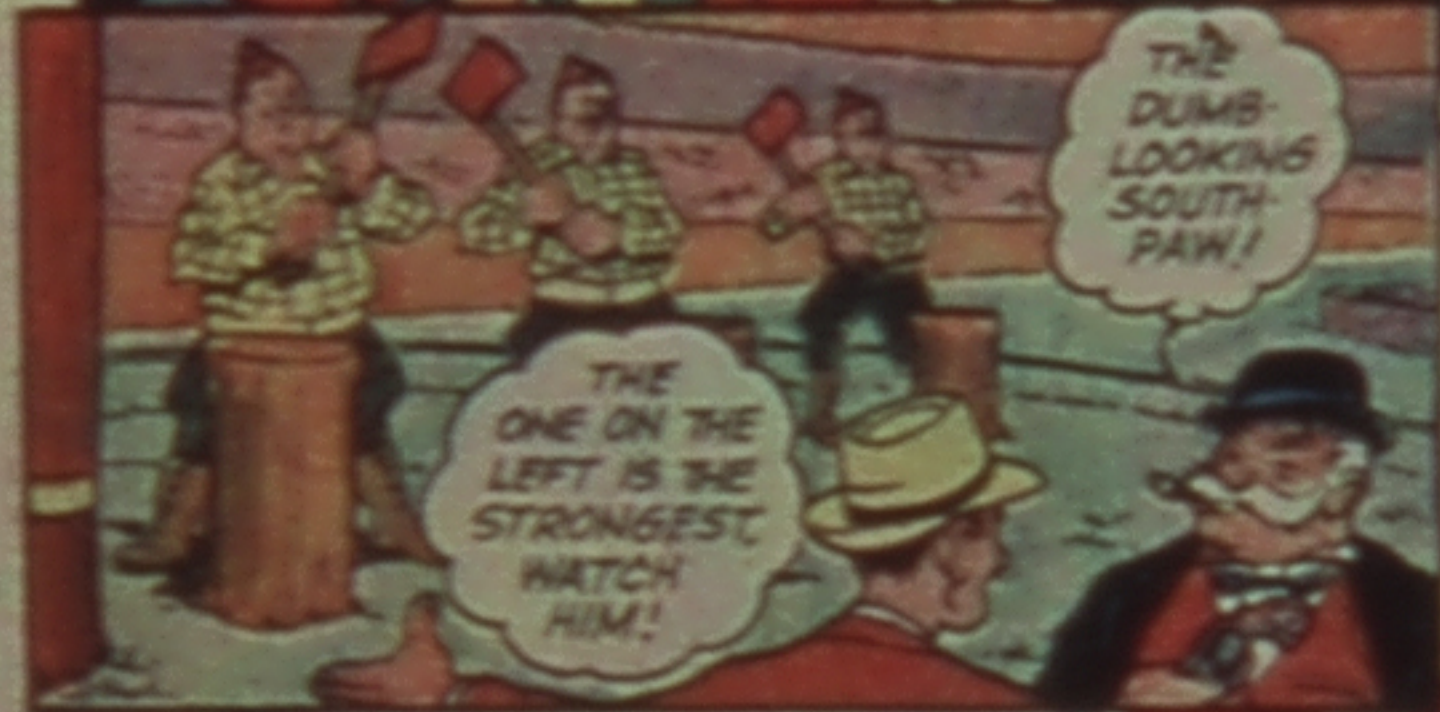
THE SHOW
IS VERY
WEAK—

NEEDS
AN ACT
TO BUILD
IT UP!

OF
COURSE
TH' SHOW
CAN STAND
SOME
BUILDING
UP!

WELL, THEN Y'CAN'T OVERLOOK
THIS ACT— LOOK, A WOOD-
CHOPPING CONTEST—
IT'LL BE A
SENSATION, BOSS—

Y'SEE, WE SET UP THREE
BIG LOGS—THE FIRST
TO CHOP THROUGH HIS LOG
WINS—



THE
DUMB-
LOOKING
SOUTH-
PAW!

THE
ONE ON THE
LEFT IS THE
STRONGEST.
WATCH
HIM!

WELL, GET 'EM
STARTED—I'M
IN A HURRY!

BANG



HEY! THAT
GUY'S CHOPPING
AWAY THE MAIN
TENT POLE!

LOOK
OUT!
THERE'S
ACROBATS
UP
THERE!



AY
GUESS
AY BANE
CHOP
WRONG
LOG!

RUN
FOR
YOUR
LIVES!

THE
WHOLE
TENT'S
COLLAPSE!

IT'S
RAINING
ACROBATS!



SO THAT ACT
WAS SUPPOSED
TO BUILD UP
THIS SHOW,
EH?



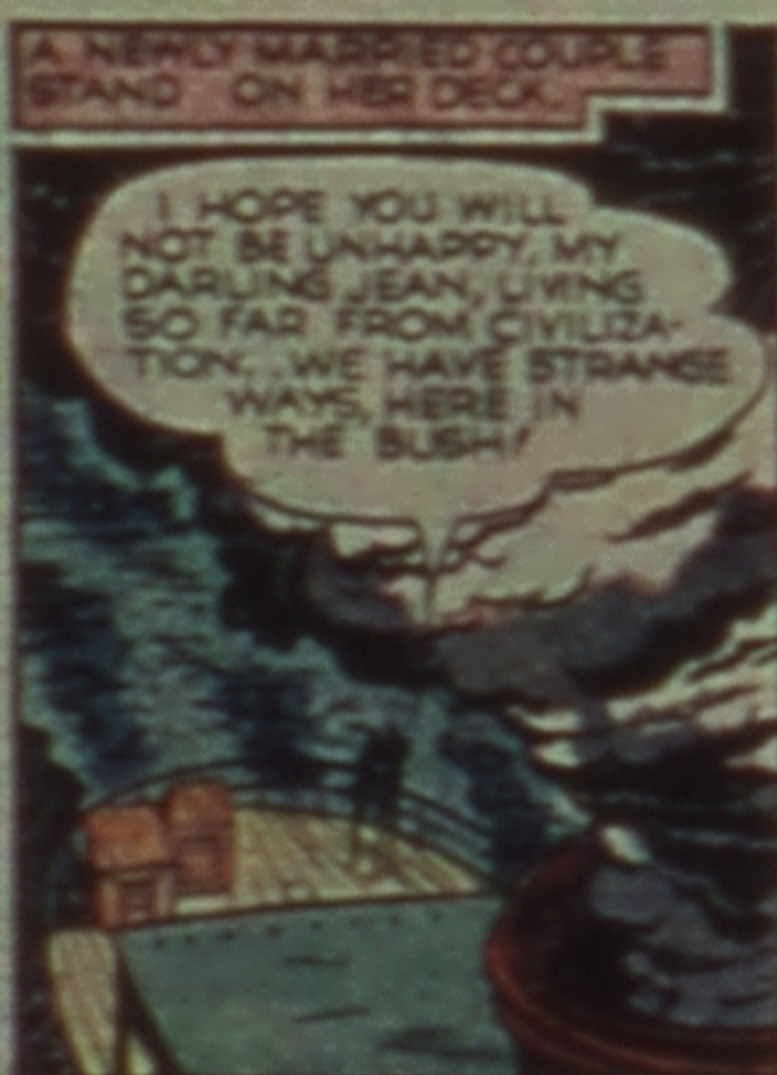
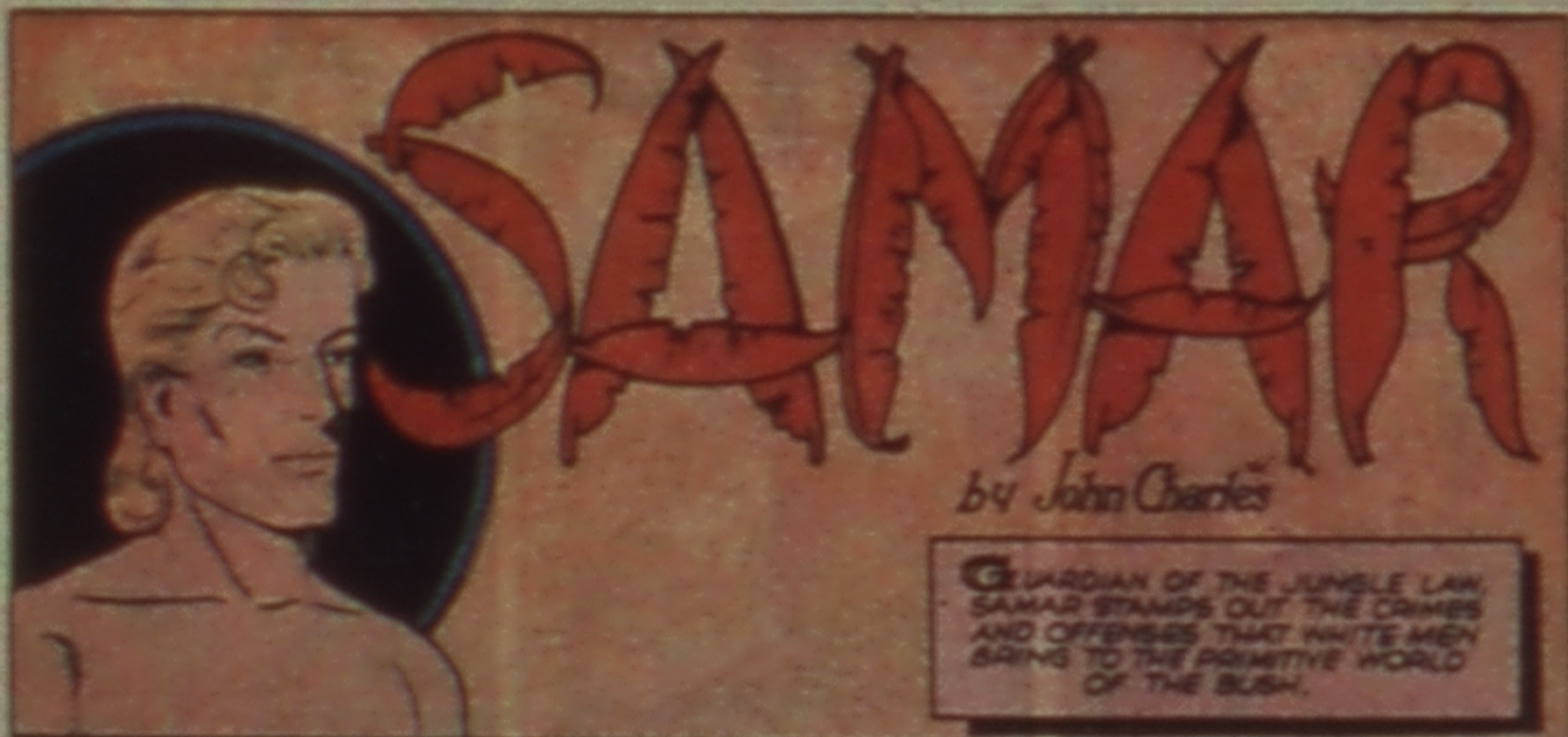
SHUCKS, BOSS—YOU GOTTA
ADMIT IT'S A GOOD ACT—
WHAT HAPPENED WAS JUST
UNFORTUNATE

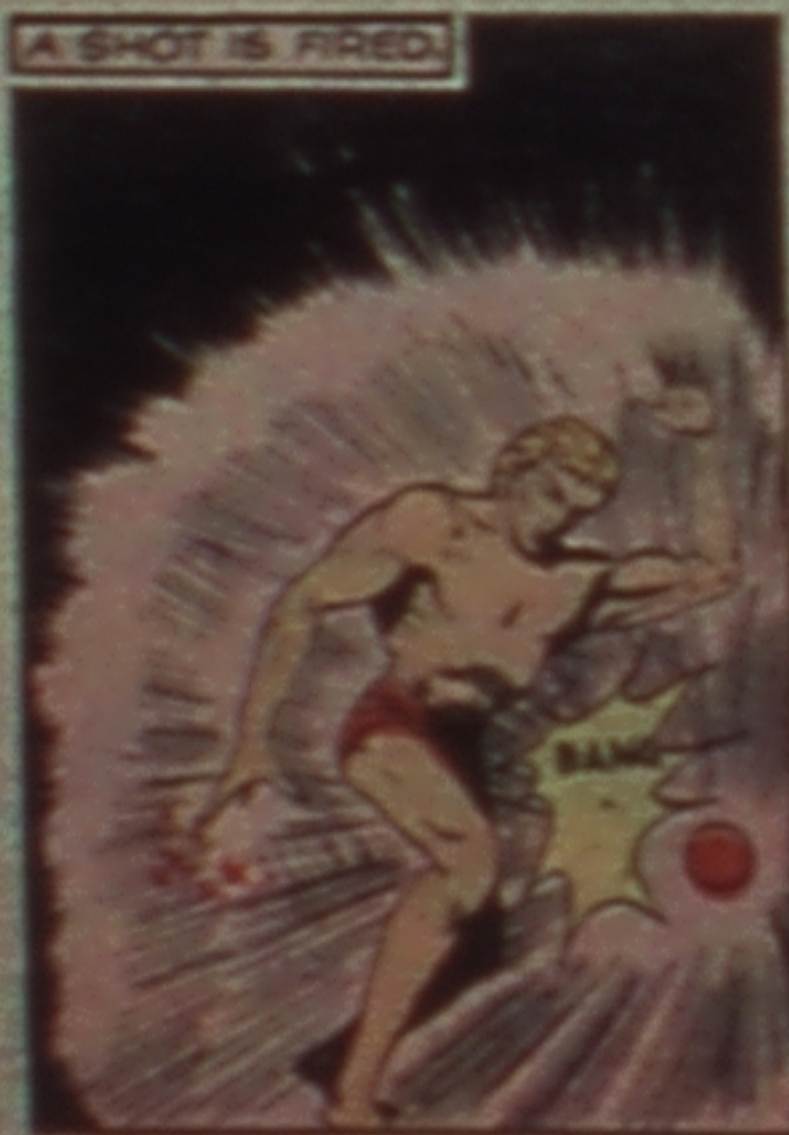
YOU
SAID
IT—



MOST UNFORTUNATE
FOR
YOU—
!!!

ZIP





SAMAR AND JEAN ARE IMPRISONED IN THE EVIL HOUSE OF BEASTS...

YOU WOULD HAVE ESCAPED WITH AN EASIER FATE HAD YOU REMAINED HERE! BUT SINCE YOU'VE FOUND THIS GREAT HERO, YOU MAY HAVE HIM!



TOMORROW, I WILL MERGE HIM WITH THIS BABOON! AND THEN YOU MAY GO INTO THE JUNGLE TOGETHER!



THE SNARLING BEAST IS CHAINED FOR THE NIGHT IN SAMAR'S CASE...



FOR HOURS HE TUGS AT HIS CHAINS... AT LAST THEY SNAP!



SAMAR'S PIERCING EYES STARE INTO THOSE OF THE FURIOUS ANIMAL...



THE BABOON IS CALMED... HE KNOWS HE HAS MET HIS JUNGLE MASTER... OBEDIENTLY, HE CARRIES OUT SAMAR'S ORDER TO BEND THE BARS OF THE CASE.



THE JUNGLE MAN HIMSELF STRAINS EVERY POWERFUL MUSCLE TO FREE THE GIRL AND HIMSELF.

HURRY! HURRY! BEFORE ARNO RETURNS!



AT LAST THEY LEAVE THE BATTERED CASES AND RUN SILENTLY THROUGH THE DARKENED HOUSE.

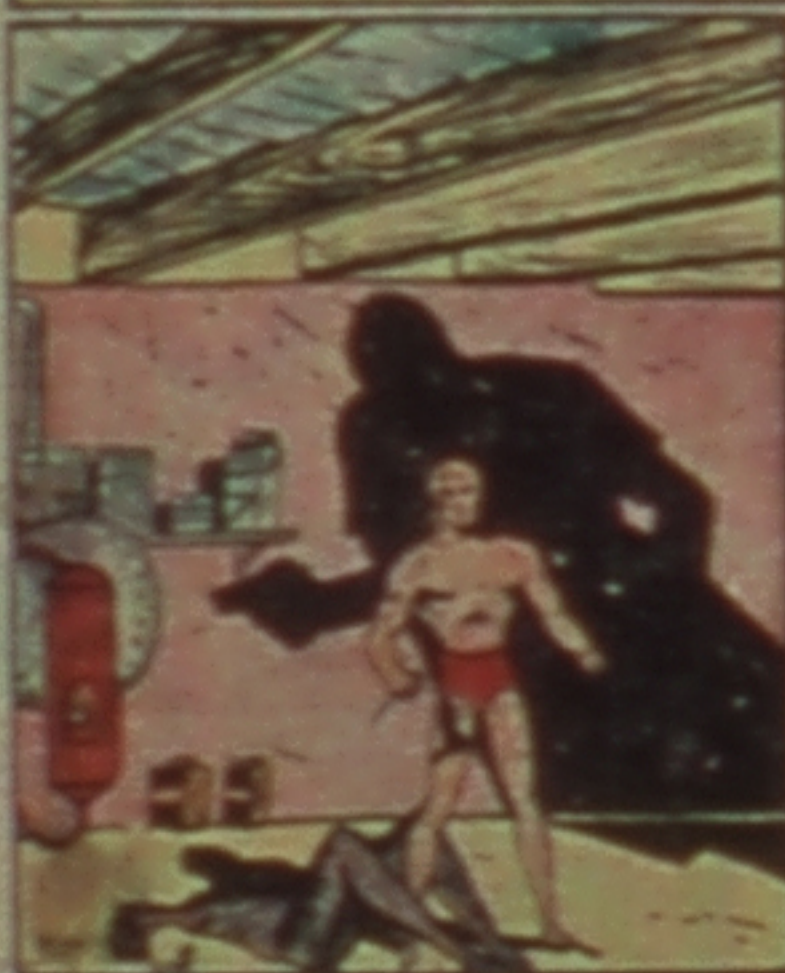


BUT ARNO IS STILL UP AND ABOUT, WORKING FEVERISHLY OVER ONE OF HIS FIENDISH EXPERIMENTS.





THE CREATURE LIES DEAD, BUT A MENACING SHADOW FALLS ACROSS THE CELLAR WALLS.



I'LL GIVE YOU ONE CHANCE TO LEAVE THIS HOUSE ALONE!



I WILL NOT GO UNTIL I HAVE RESCUED YOUR WIFE FROM THIS HOUSE OF TORTURE!



AS ARNO SHOOT, THE BABOON SPRINGS AT HIM... THE BULLET FLIES WILD.



AN OIL TANK IS STRUCK...

HURRY! BEFORE THE HOUSE BLOWS UP!



A ROARING BLAZE CREEPS NEARER TO THE PROSTRATE FORM OF ARNO CAIN.

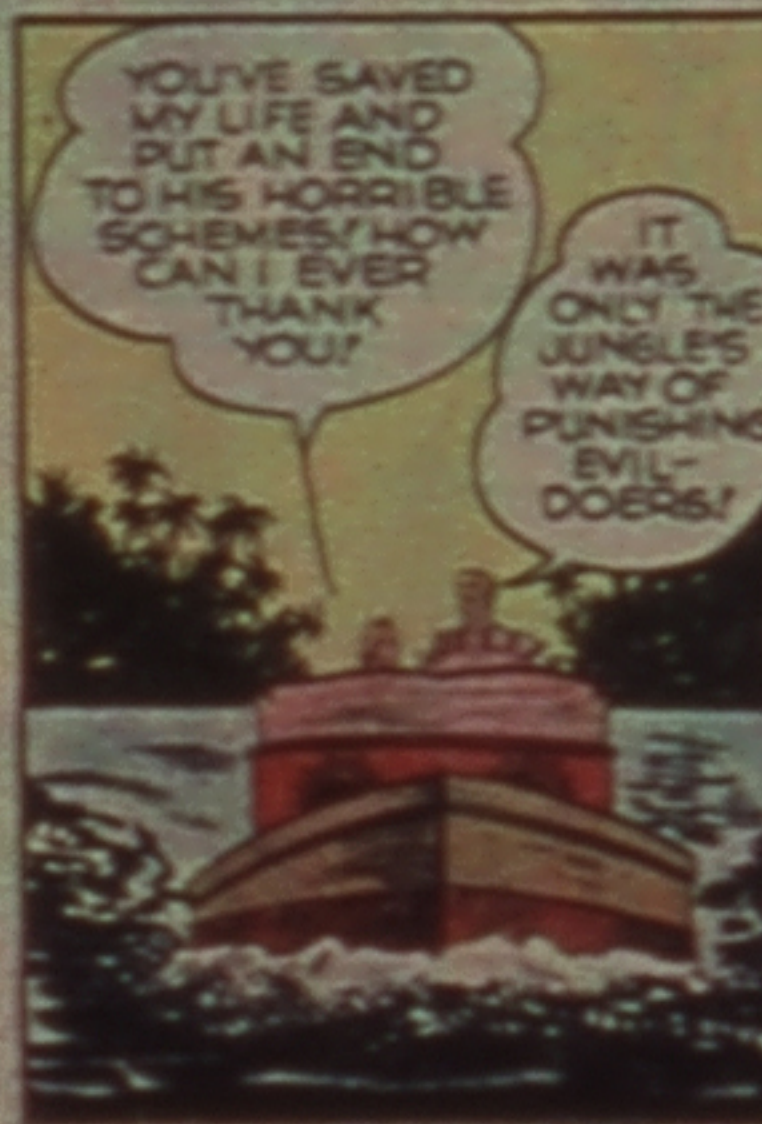


AS THE TWO SPEED SAFELY DOWN THE RIVER, THE ENTIRE HOUSE ROCKS WITH AN EXPLOSION AND BURSTS INTO CRACKING FLAMES.



YOU'VE SAVED MY LIFE AND PUT AN END TO HIS HORRIBLE SCHEMES! HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU?

IT WAS ONLY THE JUNGLE'S WAY OF PUNISHING EVIL-DOERS!



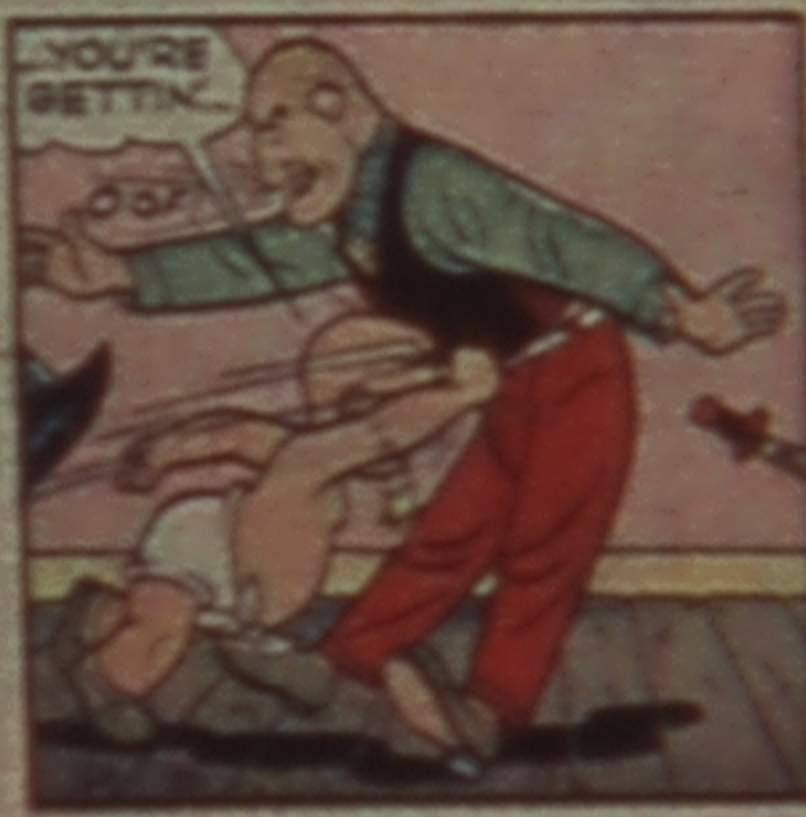
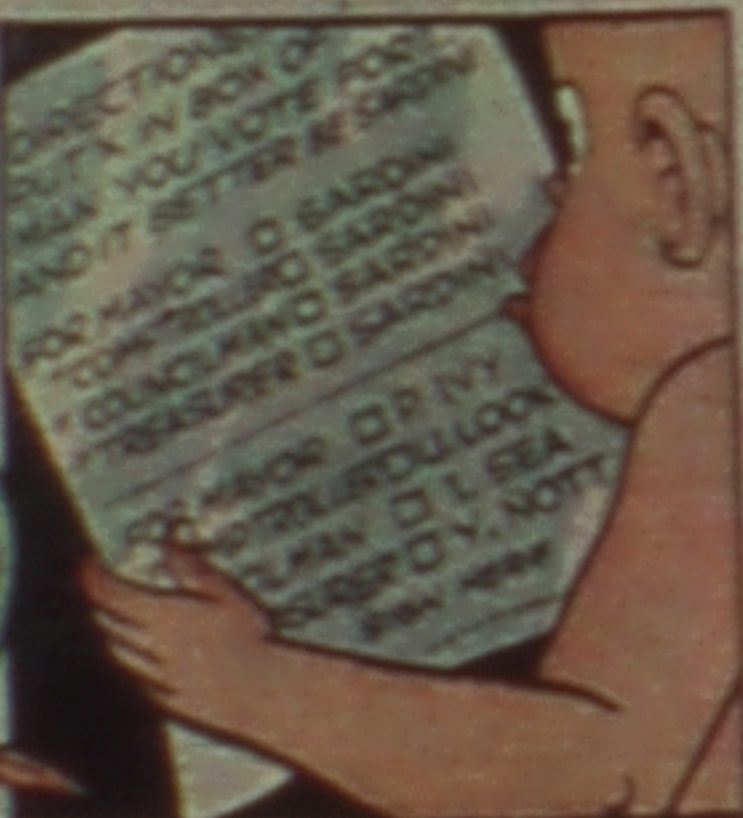
AT THE PORT.

SHE WILL FIND HAPPINESS IN HER OWN LAND, I KNOW!



Poison Ivy

THE MIGHTY MITE





ACE of SPACE

by
H. Weston Taylor

ACE (ACE) EGAN, KNOWN ONLY AS A RUNDOX IS NOW THE OWNER OF A SPACE SHIP FROM ANOTHER PLANET— ALSO A BELT THAT CHANGES HIM INTO A GIANT AND GIVES TO HIM ODD MIRACULOUS POWERS WHICH ACE USES IN THE INTERESTS OF JUSTICE.

WITH HIS ASSISTANT KARL, DR. DEVLIN, THE BIO-CHEMIST, WORKS IN HIS LABORATORY.

QUICK, KARL! COME HERE! MY ACCELERATOR SERUM WORKS!

AND, IT WILL MAKE YOUR POOR ASSISTANT WEALTHY! PUT UP YOUR HANDS...

WHY-WHAT-KARL!

A WEEK LATER IN THE OFFICE OF CENTRAL TRUSTS PRESIDENT

MR. STONE? YES, OFFICER.

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST! IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE EMBEZZLED \$1,000,000 OF THE BANK'S MONEY!

ABSURD!

NEXT DAY IN ACE EGAN'S CLUB

HEY, ACE, HEAR THAT STONE HAD SWIPED A MILLION? HE'S IN JAIL!

QUIET! HERE HE IS!

SORRY TO HEAR ABOUT THE MESS YOU'RE IN, STONE! I HAVE HEARD YOU WERE -

IN JAIL! I WISH, BUT I'M OUT ON BAIL, ACE.

I KNOW YOU DIDN'T TAKE IT, STONE! ANY IDEA WHO DID? OR HOW? ANYTHING UNUSUAL HAPPEN?

NO, UNLESS THOSE ODD SHADOWS-

SAY, STONE, HERE'S NEWS FOR YOU! THIS PAPER SAYS YOU'RE INNOCENT! LOOK!

LET ME SEE IT!

DAILY TAB

BANKER INNOCENT, SAYS CRANK NOTE TO POLICE SPEED INC. STOLE FUNDS

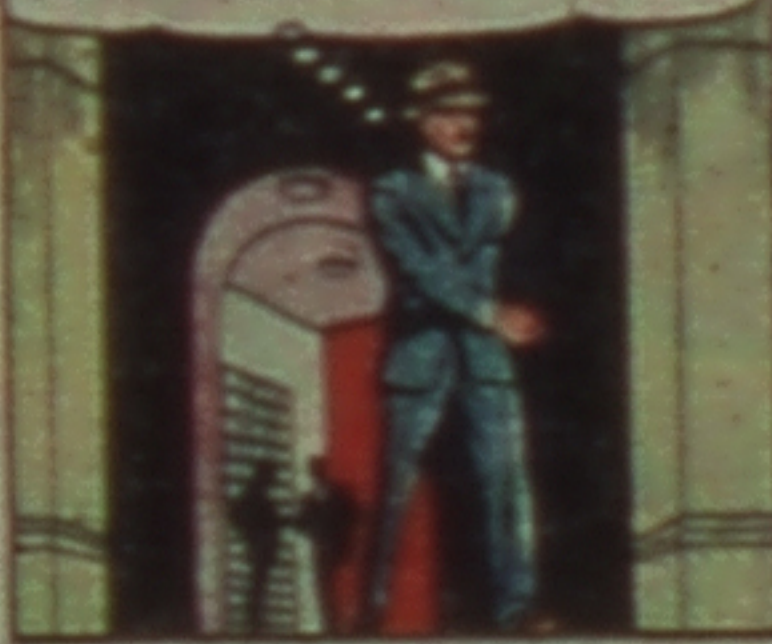
TRADERS BUREAU NEXT VICTIM SPEED.

TUESDAY NOVEMBER 14TH 1934

THAT DR. DEVLIN'S
DISAPPEARANCE
INTERESTS ME.



I'LL GET MY BELT OF POWER
AND WATCH THE TRADER'S
BANK TOMORROW NOON!



NEXT NOON, ATOP THE BUILDING
ACROSS FROM THE BANK.



-BELT!



AS ACE DOES HIS BELT, HE
BECOMES A 8 FOOT GIANT

THIS TIME A MASK MIGHT
HELP!



NOTHING UNUSUAL GOING
ON! -



-EXCEPT THAT, AS USUAL,
WITH THE SPEED THAT
MY BELT GIVES, EVERYTHING
ELSE LOOKS LIKE A SLOW
MOTION PICTURE FILM



THOSE MEN GETTING
OUT OF THAT CAR!



THEY'RE MOVING SO
FAST THEY'RE INVISIBLE TO
AN ORDINARY MAN!
I'LL DIVE -



- AND
INVESTIGATE!



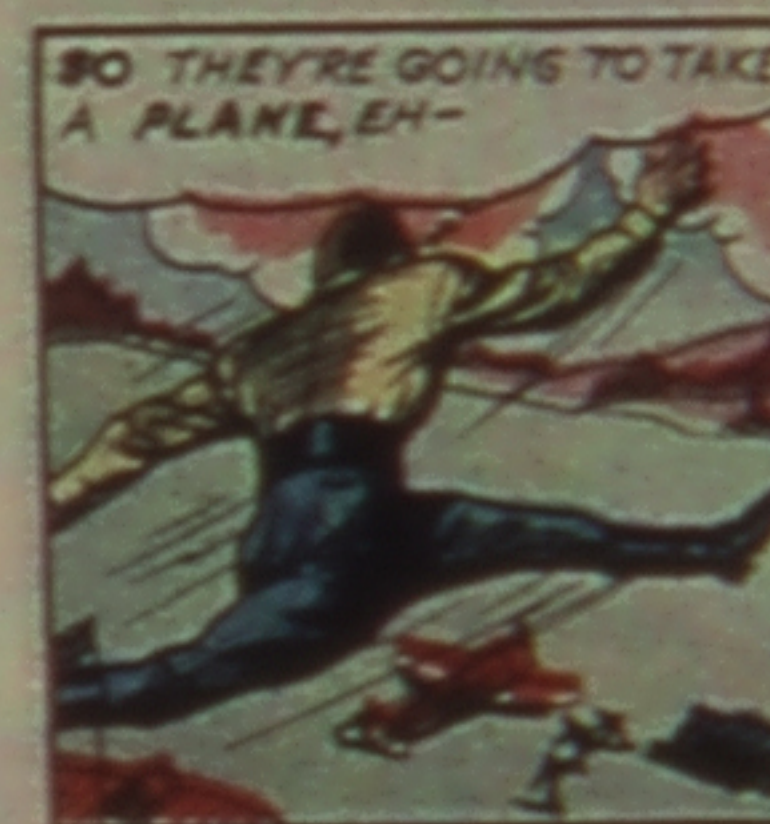
THOSE FELLOWS ARE
FAST!





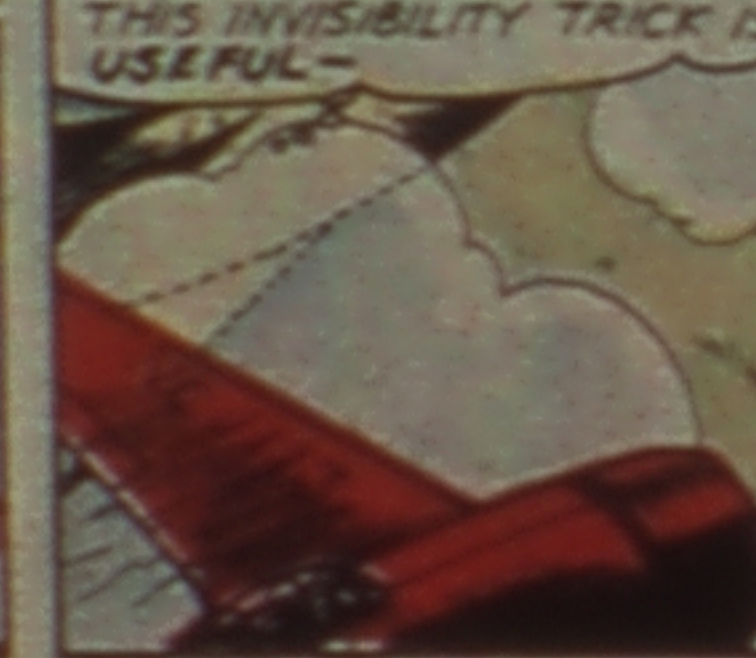
FROM BUILDING TOP TO
BUILDING TOP, ACE LEAPS

HIS TELESCOPIC EYES
EVER ON THE THIEVES' CAR



AS HE OVERTAKES THE
PLANE, HE PUSHES A BUTTON—

—AND THE SHIP VANISHES—



AH! SETTING DOWN IN
THAT CLEARING, EH? I'LL
FOLLOW SUIT!



NOW, IF I CAN GET NEAR
ENOUGH TO THAT HOUSE



THERE'S THE BANK'S
MONEY ALL RIGHT!



CAREFUL, MEN!
QUIET—



WE SAW YOU FOLLOW
US!

CAUGHT
NAPPING!



30 MEN, EACH POSSESSED
WITH SUPER SPEED,
SWARM OVER ACE

TIE HIM UP, AND BRING
HIM INSIDE TO KARL!



EVEN THE ACE OF SPACE
MY SPEED SERUM
CAPTURES— EH?



YOUR SERUM,
ROT! IT'S
MINE!

PERHAPS, DR. DEVLIN, BUT
IT IS MY IDEA TO ROB
THE U.S. SUB-TREASURY!



YOU SEE, OUR SERUM
SPEEDS UP ALL VITAL
PROCESSES! IN 2 YEARS
DEATH FROM OLD AGE,
YES! BUT AH, SUCH SPEED!
THE EYE CAN'T FOLLOW
IT!



YOU JUST THINK YOU'LL
ROB THE SUB-TREASURY!



HA! THE MEN
TO LOOT IT
JUST LEFT!

THAT EVENS THINGS
UP! HERE'S A TRICK YOU
CAN'T DO, KARL!



ACE LOOSENS AND DROPS THE BELT- AND SHRINKS TO NORMAL SIZE.



SPRINGING FROM THE NOW DANGLING ROPES, ACE ONCE MORE PUTS ON HIS BELT.



QUICK, MEN, HE'S LOOSE!



PREPARED FOR THE SWIFT, SWARMING HORDE, ACE IS THEIR MATCH

DR. DEVLIN, TIE UP THIS MOB! I'LL HAVE HELP OUT HERE SOON!



NEXT STOP, SUB-TREASURY!



AND AS THE SWIFT, INVISIBLE THIEVES LEAVE THE SUB-TREASURY, ACE STRIKES!



WHAT GOES ON- HOLY SMOKE THE ACE OF SPACE!

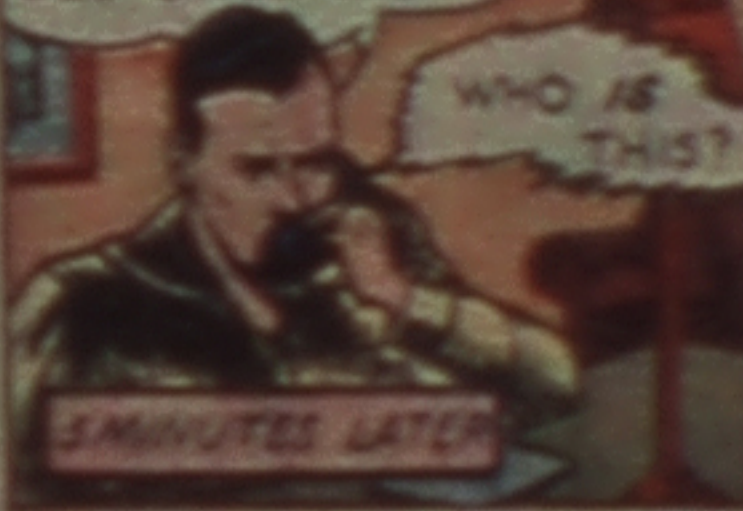


HERE'S THE LOOT FROM THE TREASURY OFFICE!



I'M ON MY WAY!

POLICE? YOU'LL FIND THE LOOT FROM THOSE TWO BANK ROBBERIES, AND THE CROOKS, NEAR OLD ORCHARD -



WHO IS THIS?

3 MINUTES LATER

WHOP- OH, THE ACE OF SPACE! AND, YOUR MISSING DR. DEVLIN IS THERE TOO!

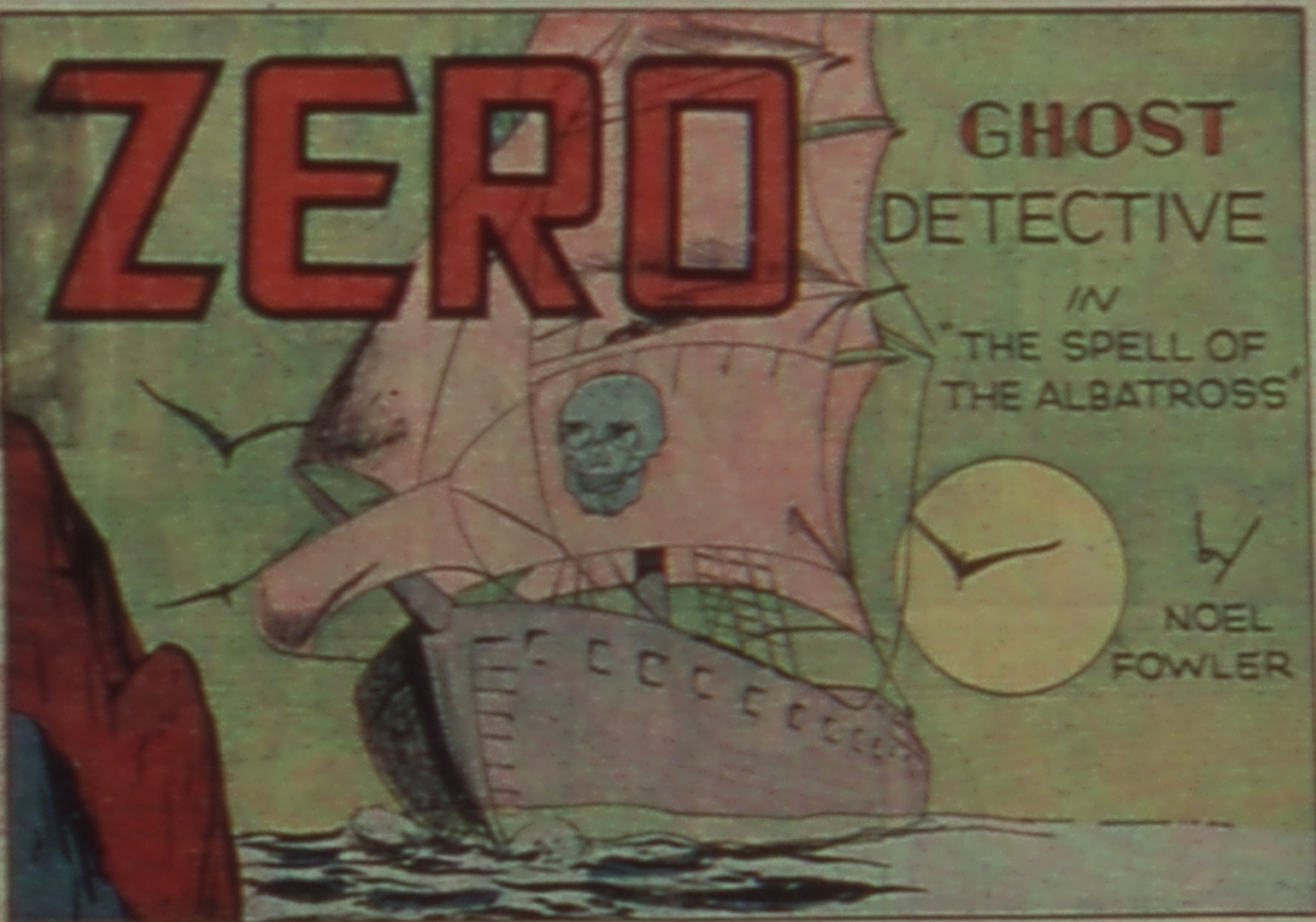


ZERO

GHOST
DETECTIVE

IN
"THE SPELL OF
THE ALBATROSS"

by
NOEL
FOWLER



ZERO, THE ONLY MAN WITH
POWER TO COMBAT THE SUPER-
NATURAL, RECEIVES AN URGENT
MESSAGE.



ZERO ANSWERS THE NOTE AND IS SOON WALKING
DOWN THE STREETS OF JAMESPORT WITH THE
ROLLING GAIT OF A SEAMAN.



MY BROTHERS HAVE NOT COME BACK FROM
THEIR FISHING TRIP. I'M SURE THEY HAVE
SUCCEDED TO THE ANCIENT CURSE OF
THE ALBATROSS. AN ANCESTOR OF MINE
ONCE CAPTURED ONE... I HAVE A WING OF
IT YET. SINCE THEN ALL OF
OUR FAMILY HAVE PERISHED
MYSTERIOUSLY
AT SEA!



WHILE THE GIRL IS RELATING HER STRANGE TALE,
A FISHING SMACK COMES INTO THE HARBOR...



TWO MEN STAND SILENTLY
FEARFULLY OVER THE
BODIES OF TWO SHARKS.



THERE'S SOMETHING MIGHTY
QUEER ABOUT THESE FISH...
SO TOM, CALL SOMEONE
FROM SHORE TO WITNESS.
SO WE WON'T BE BLAMED
FOR THIS!



TOM HURRIES TO THE HOUSE
WHERE ZERO IS VISITING.

STRANGER, WILL
YOU COME WITH
ME A MOMENT,
TO SEE A
MYSTERIOUS
SIGHT?



ZERO IS ONLY TOO WILLING TO
SEE A 'MYSTERIOUS' SIGHT...



WHAT SEEMS
TO BE THE
MATTER,
SKIPPER?

THESE
SHARKS...
WE CAUGHT
THEM IN OUR
NETS, BUT
THEY WERE
DEAD!



THEY'VE BEEN CUT
OPEN AND SEWED
UP AGAIN! SOME-
THING'S INSIDE!



IF YOU WANT TO TAKE
IT UPON YOURSELF TO
SEE WHAT'S IN THOSE
FISH, DO SO... BUT I'M
AFRAID OF WHAT IT
MIGHT BE!

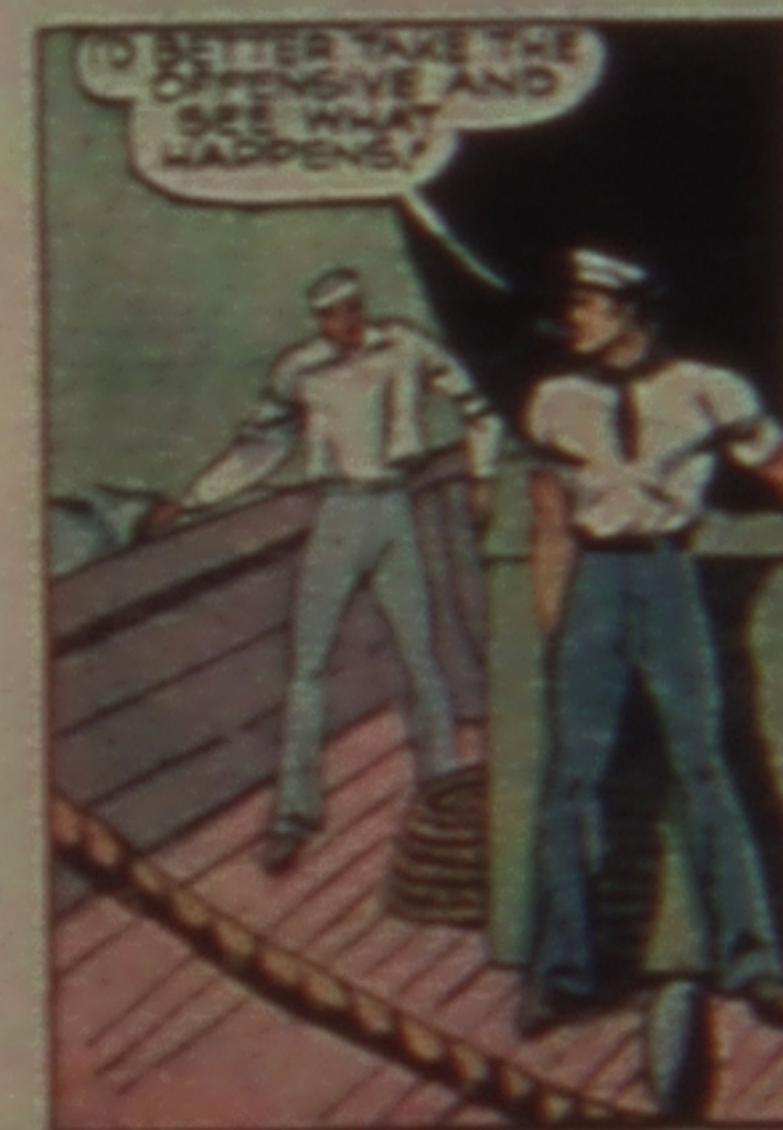
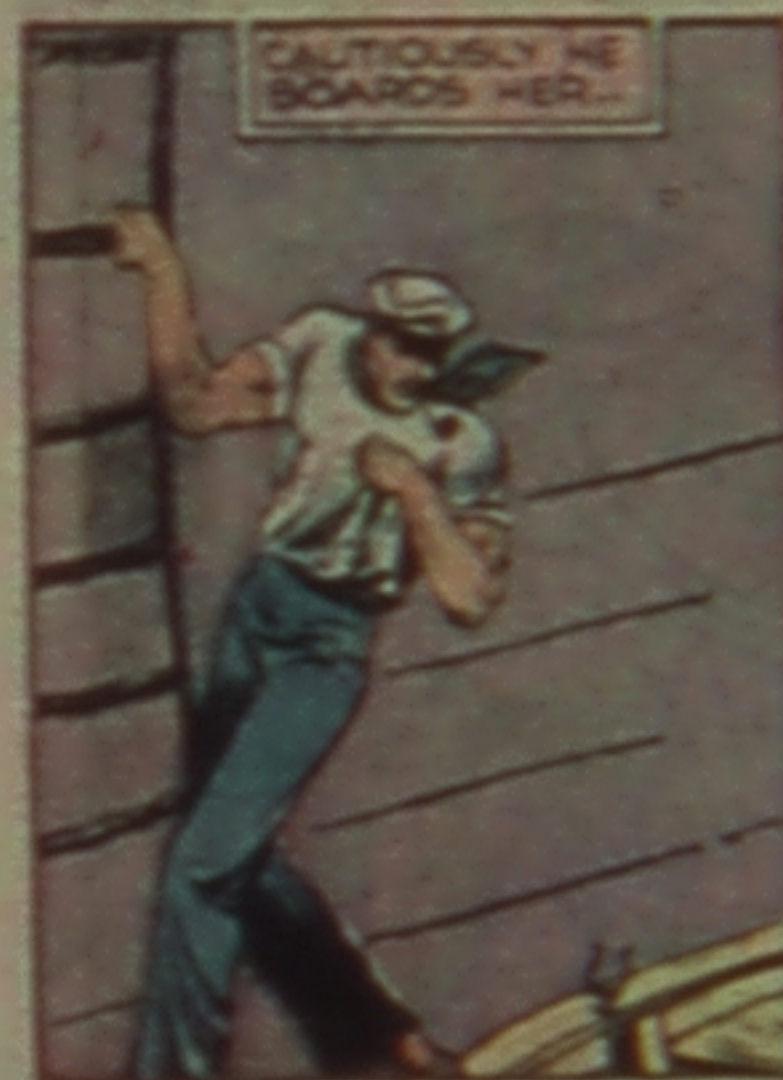


ZERO SLASHES OPEN EACH
SHARK'S SKIN TO FIND THE
BODY OF A MAN.



THESE MEN HAVE NOT
DIED OF NATURAL
CAUSES!









Another episode of Zero, Ghost Detective, in the February issue of FEATURE COMICS.

LALA PALOOZA

RUDY'S

AHEM!—AH! SWEET OASIS!

LISTEN, VINCE, YOU BETTER MAKE YERSELF SCARCE—GASHOUSE GUS IS LOOKIN' FOR YOU—AN' HE DON'T MEAN YOU NO GOOD

HUH? OH—THANKS, RUDY!

IF THAT BIG BABOON GETS HIS MITTS ON ME I'LL BE A HOSPITAL CASE!

OPTICAL GOODS

EYES TEST FREE

I CAN'T SEE A THING WITH THESE GLASSES ON, BUT EVEN GASHOUSE GUS KNOWS IT'S AGAINST THE LAW TO HIT A GUY WEARIN' EYE GLASSES

AH! SO DERE YARE—YA WOIM!

YES—AND I'M WEARING GLASSES—HOW ARE YOU, GUS?

I'M A LOT BETTER THAN YOU'D BE IF YOU WASN'T WEARIN' THEM CHEATERS, YOU FAT SHRIMP!

BUT IF I EVER CATCH YOU WITOUT DEM WINDSHIELDS ON—YOU'LL BE BETTIN' FLOWERS DAT Y'WON'T BE ABLE T'SMELL!

HONK HONK

HEH-HEH! I SURE SAVED M'OWN HIDE THAT TIME!

I DON'T DARE TAKE THE GLASSES OFF—GASHOUSE GUS MIGHT BE WATCHING ME!

HELLO, MRS. GREEN—NOW, ISN'T THIS A NOVEL IDEA—PUSHING YOUR PET MONKEY IN A PERAMBULATOR!

CALL MY BABY A MONKEY—YOU FAT APE!

MONKEY?

WELL, THESE GLASSES SURE SAVED ME FROM A BEATING BY GASHOUSE GUS!

Read about Lala Palooza and Vincent each month in FEATURE COMICS.



MALAY STREET, A NARROW ALLEY TWISTING THROUGH THE HEART OF SINGAPORE. HERE GATHERS THE RIFF-RAFF FROM EVERY CORNER OF THE WORLD. AND HERE TOO ARE DUSTY DANE AND MIKE CARDIGALL.



THE HARD-BITTEN CUSTOMERS OF A WATER-FRONT CAFE ARE STARTLED BY THE APPEARANCE OF A WHITE WOMAN.



DUSTY! WHEN YOU'VE GOT TIME, I WANT YOU AND MIKE TO LISTEN TO A PROPOSITION.



OKAY. BEAT IT, YOU!

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, DAVE?



I SOLD MY RUBBER PLANTATION... BOUGHT A GOLD MINE IN PAPUA... YOU LUBS ARE IN FOR HADE IF YOU HELP ME DEVELOP IT!



WE'RE IN! BUT SOFT-PEDDLE THAT GOLD MINE STUFF. IF ANY-ONE SHOULD LEARN ABOUT IT, THERE'LL BE THE DEVIL TO PAY!



BUT DUSTY'S WARNING IS TOO LATE. A RAT-FACED, SHIFTY-EYED MAN AT THE BAR STIFFENS AT THE MENTION OF GOLD.



I'VE GOT ALL THE SUPPLIES ABOARD A FAST SLOOP!

THEN AS SOON AS WE SIGN ON A CREW WE SAIL. LET'S GO, MIKE!



IN A PRIVATE ROOM AT THE REAR OF THE GEE

THIS GIRL SHE HAVE GOLD MINE. TONDAS! I HEAR THEM TALK! PADUAN, GOLD, EHM? FOLLOW THEM AND KEEP IN CONTACT WITH ME!



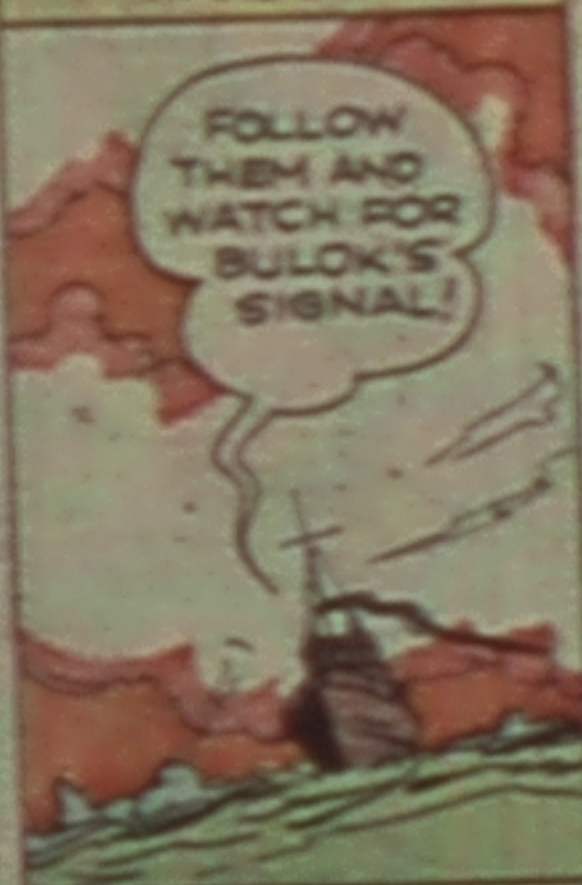
WITH THE EBB-TIDE,
DUSTY SETS SAIL
ON A NEW ADVENTURE



KEEP HER ON A
STRAIGHT COURSE.
WE SHOULD MAKE
THE STRAITS OF
KARIMATA BY
NIGHTFALL!



BUT ANOTHER SHIP
FOLLOWS THE SLOOP
OUT OF SINGAPORE'S
HARBOR...



FOLLOW
THEM AND
WATCH FOR
BULOK'S
SIGNAL!

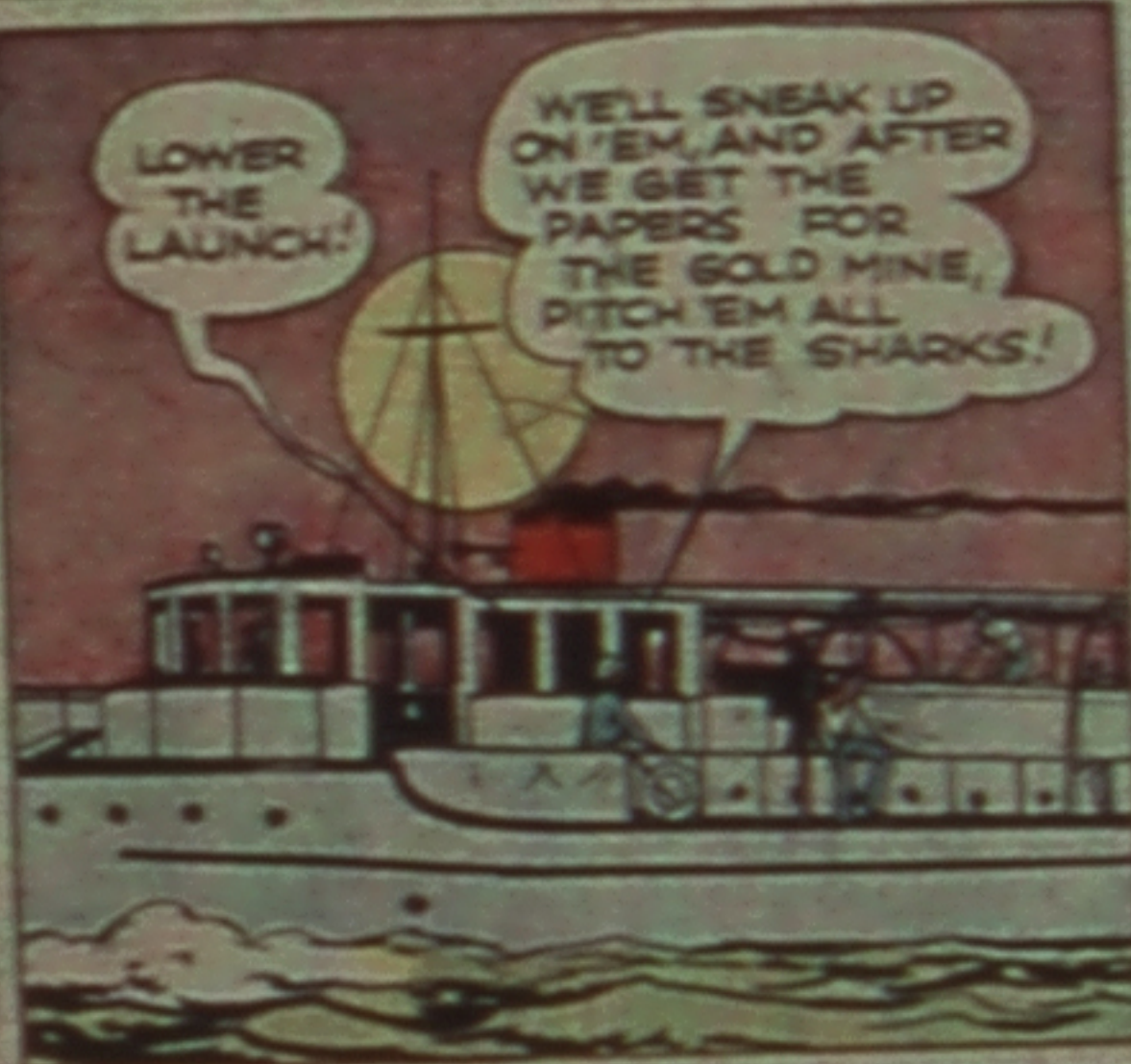
LATE THAT NIGHT

TONDAS!
THE
SIGNAL!



LOWER
THE
LAUNCH!

WE'LL SNEAK UP
ON 'EM, AND AFTER
WE GET THE
PAPERS FOR
THE GOLD MINE,
PITCH 'EM ALL
TO THE SHARKS!



A STRANGE SIXTH
SENSE OF IMPENDING
DANGER AWAKENS
DUSTY...

A LIGHT! THE
HELMSMAN
IS SIGNALING
SOMEONE!



BOARDERS!
ALL HANDS
ON DECK!



BUT ALREADY
TONDAS' CUTTHROATS
ARE CLAMBERING
OVER THE RAIL...



WHERE D'YA
THINK YOU'RE
GOIN'?



GIVE UP,
OR...

HELLO,
BLUBBER
FACE!



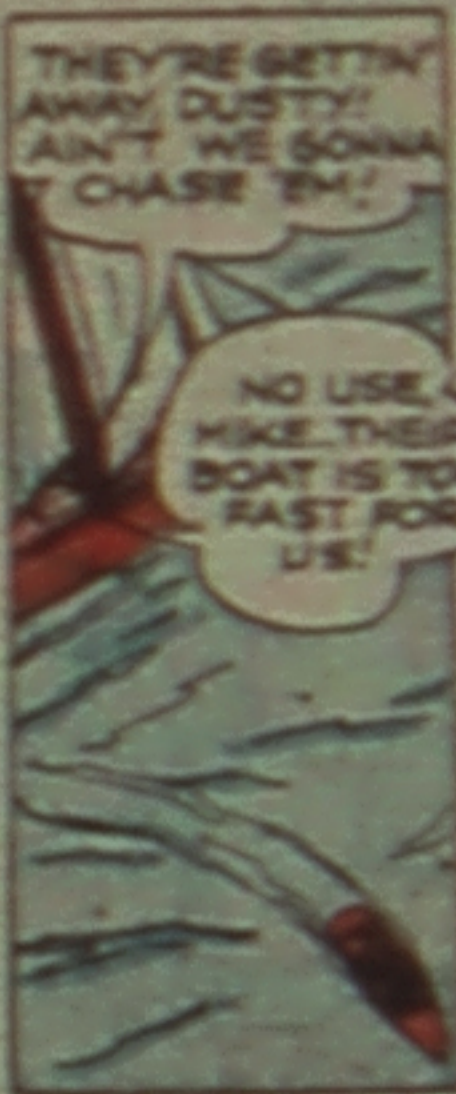
...AND
GOOD-BYE





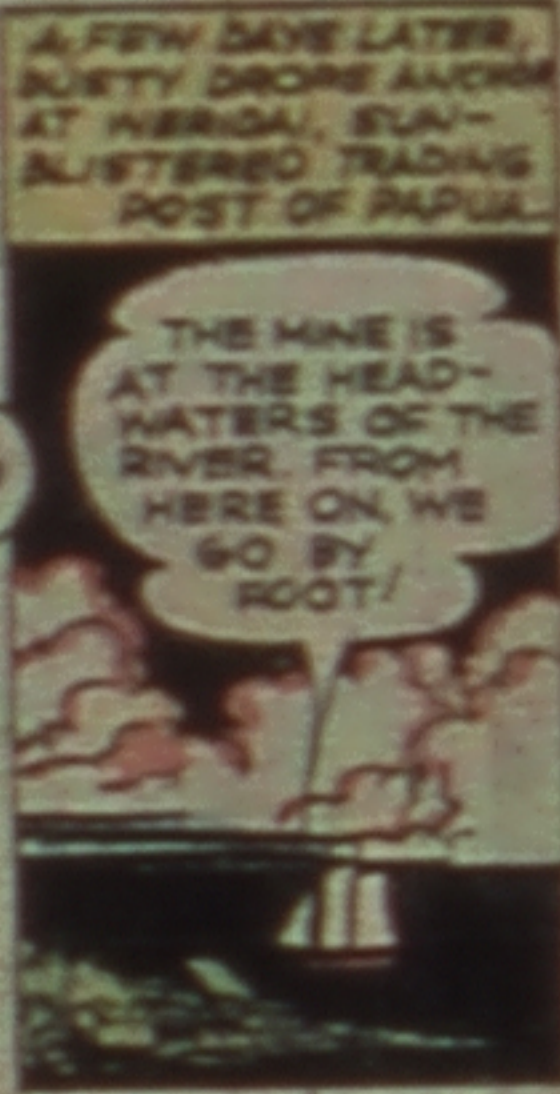
SAY! AM I MISSING SOME EXCITEMENT?

PUT AWAY THE ARTILLERY PAT, WE JUST BEAT OFF A FEW GENTS INTERESTED IN YOUR GOLD MINE!



THEY'RE GETTING AWAY, DUSTY! AIN'T WE GONNA CHASE 'EM!

NO USE, MIKE. THEIR BOAT IS TOO FAST FOR US!



A FEW DAYS LATER, DUSTY DROPS ANCHOR AT HERIDA, SUN-BLISTERED TRADING POST OF PAPUA.

THE MINE IS AT THE HEAD-WATERS OF THE RIVER. FROM HERE ON, WE GO BY FOOT!



WE GO THROUGH BAD LANDS, MISSY. NATIVES SOME-TIMES UNFRIENDLY //



NIGHTFALL BRINGS THE THROBBING RHYTHM OF JUNGLE DRUMS!

BOOM
BOOM



DUSTY! THOSE DRUMS. WHAT DO THEY MEAN?

TROUBLE! THEY'RE NATIVE WAR DRUMS!



AT DAYBREAK THE LITTLE BAND RESUMES ITS PERILOUS TREK...

KEEP THOSE BOYS MOVING... WE'RE NEARING THE MINE!



A VOLLEY OF ARROWS FLY FROM THE JUNGLE

ATTACK! EVERYBODY DOWN!



DUSTY, THE MINE IS JUST ACROSS THIS RIVER!

MAKE A RUN FOR IT, DIT. WE'LL HOLD OFF THESE BLACK HYENAS!



DIT AND THE NATIVE CARRIERS FLEE TO SAFETY ACROSS THE FLIMSY BRIDGE



MIKE! THERE'S THE FAT GUY THAT I KNOCKED OFF OUR BOAT!

YEAH? HE WANTS MORE, EH? OKAY!

TONDAS URGES HIS BLACK BRUTES ON TO THE KILL...

ONLY TWO MEN BETWEEN US AND THE GOLD! AT THEM, YOU DOGS!

HERE THEY COME, MIKE!

WE'LL BE CUTTING A MESS O' NOTCHES IN OUR GUNS AFTER THIS BRAWL!

THEIR GUNS THROW DEATH INTO THE NATIVE RANKS...



WITH THE ATTACK BROKEN, DUSTY AND MIKE ESCAPE ACROSS THE BRIDGE.

THE BIG GUY IS STILL COMIN'!

I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!



A FLYING TACKLE BRINGS TONDAS CRASHING HEAVILY TO THE BRIDGE.



THIS TIME YOU WILL GO OVER THE SIDE, PIG!



DUSTY'S TWIST SENDS TONDAS SCREAMING INTO THE GORGE.



LATER, DUSTY AND MIKE JOIN THE OTHERS AT THE MINE...

WELL, I'VE LOOKED AND CAN FIND NO TRACE OF GOLD AT ALL, BOYS. WHAT A JOKE!

WELL, I'LL BE...



WAIT A MINUTE! LOOK, WHERE THAT SHOVEL HIT THE WALL!

IT... IT'S SOLID GOLD! WE'RE RICH!



FOLLOW DUSTY DANE IN A MOST SURPRISING ADVENTURE NEXT MONTH.

Follow the absorbing adventures of Dusty Dane in the February issue of FEATURE COMICS.

SPIN SHAW

OF THE NAVAL AIR CORPS



BY
REX
SMITH

WITH ONE MONTH'S LEAVE ON HAND SPIN SHAW WATCHES THE FLEET START ON MANEUVERS.



HE NOW RETURNS TO HIS HOTEL.

NOW TO PACK AND OFF FOR THE PHILIPPINES!



THIS IS MY FIRST VACATION IN A LONG WHILE. I'M GOING TO MAKE THE BEST OF IT.



FIRST BY TRAIN



THEN BOAT



AND FINALLY THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS



HE HEADS FOR THE RAILROAD TERMINAL

I HOPE MISS GRACE IS HERE. SHE SAID SHE'D MEET ME.



I DON'T SEE HER ANYWHERE



HE SUDDENLY STUMBLES OVER SOME LUGGAGE

WHAT THE DEUCE!



WELL, HELLO CAPTAIN SHAW! THERE'S NOTHING LIKE FALLING OVER THE PERSON YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, IS THERE?

HUH? POH, MISS GRACE!





JIM AND DOT ARE WAITING AT THE HOUSE FOR US. THEY'VE PLANNED A LOVELY WEEKEND... HORSEBACK RIDING, TENNIS AND EVERYTHING!

SOUNDS SWELL... WHEN DO WE START?



I START MY VACATION TOMORROW... YOU CAN PICK ME UP AT WORK!



SURELY... REY DAVE SPIN SHAW! I GOTTA TELL THE BOSS!



THE NEXT MORNING, AS MISS GRACE ENTERS HER OFFICE...

PERDON ME, MISS GRACE, MR. WONGA WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU.

YES, OF COURSE... RIGHT AWAY.

ANN GRACE ENTERS THE OFFICE OF HER EMPLOYER...

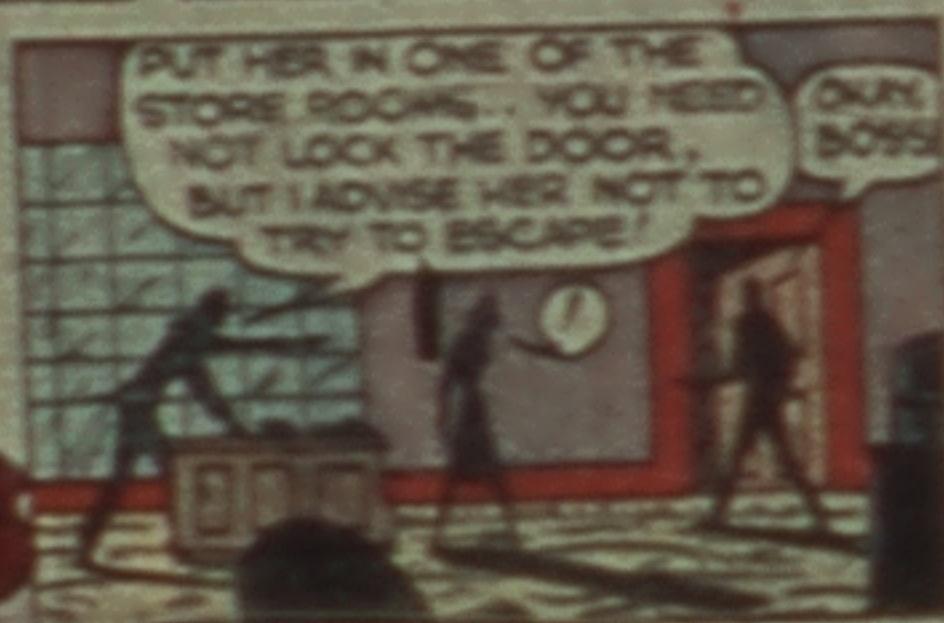


AH! MISS GRACE, DO YOU KNOW CAPTAIN SHAW?

YES!



SHAW IS IN A POSITION TO DISRUPT CERTAIN PLANS OF MINE... YOU KNOW TOO MUCH ABOUT MY BUSINESS... I'M AFRAID I MUST DETAIN YOU FOR A WHILE!



PUT HER IN ONE OF THE STORE ROOMS... YOU NEED NOT LOCK THE DOOR, BUT I ADVISE HER NOT TO TRY TO ESCAPE!

OKAY, BOSS!



MEANWHILE SPIN SHAW ARRIVES...

LET'S SEE... THE FASDICK OUTFIT... TENTH FLOOR!



SPIN REACHES THE RECEPTION ROOM...

WILL YOU TELL MISS GRACE MR. SHAW IS HERE?



OH, MR. SHAW! GO RIGHT IN...

THANK YOU, MISS!



I'M LOOKING FOR MISS... HEY, WHAT'S THIS?

STAND STILL, SHAW!

SO THIS IS THE FAMOUS SPIN SHAW? COME IN!



WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT? I DON'T KNOW YOU!

YOU'LL KNOW SOON ENOUGH... LOOK HIM UP!



AND NOW EVERYTHING IS COMPLETE... THE PLAN CAN GO FORWARD WITHOUT A KITCH!

MEANWHILE, SPIN GLOOMILY
INSPECTS HIS PRISON . . .



CONCEALED AMONG THE BONES,
SPIN LISTENS ATTENTIVELY. . .



USING THE MORSE CODE,
HE RAPS THE WALL WITH
HIS FIST. . .



CAUTIOUSLY ANN LEAVES
HER PRISON ROOM. . .



FINDING THE KEY TO SPIN'S
ROOM IN THE LOCK, SHE
QUICKLY OPENS IT. . .



SPIN TURNS TO ANN. . .



GIVING ANN TIME TO GET THE
CAR STARTED, SPIN RUNS. . .



TRAFFIC LIGHTS MEAN NOTHING
TO ANN AS SHE SPEEDS
AWAY. . .



SPIN IS DROPPED OFF AT ARMY HEADQUARTERS...



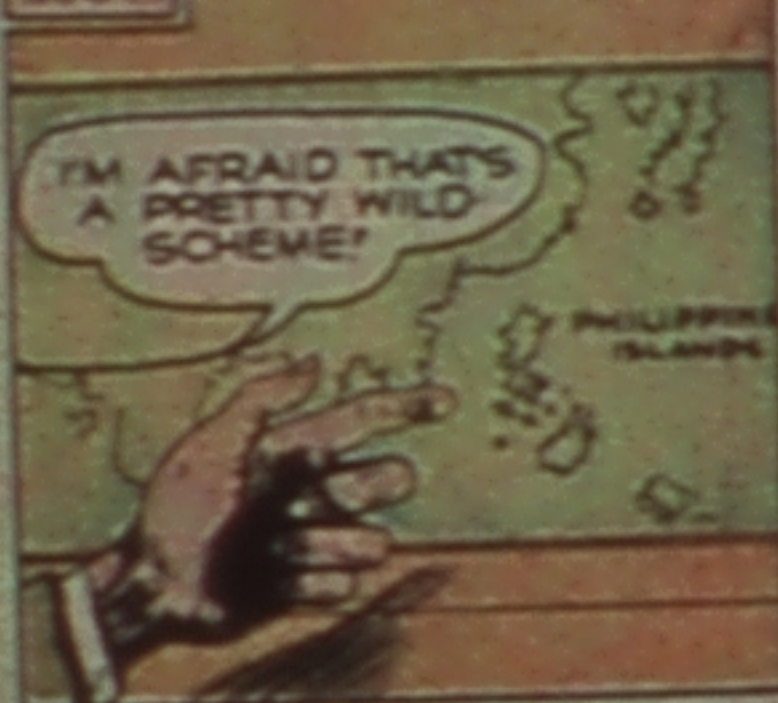
SPIN RUSHES TO THE MAJOR'S OFFICE...



SPIN EXPLAINS THE SITUATION



THE MAJOR TURNS TO THE MAP...



I'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH INTELLIGENCE. THEY'LL LOOK INTO IT!

BUT WHAT OF THE FIRES THAT WILL BREAK OUT AT TWO O'CLOCK?



SPIN ASKS FOR A PURSUIT SHIP...



DISAPPOINTED, SPIN WANDERS ONTO THE FIELD...



SPIN SHAW RUSHES TO THE PLANE...



AND A FEW MINUTES LATER IS IN THE AIR...



AT TWO MINUTES TO TWO THE FASDICK SPY PASSES A BUTTON...



AT THE SAME TIME, SPIN FINDS THE DEATH-LADEN BOMBER.



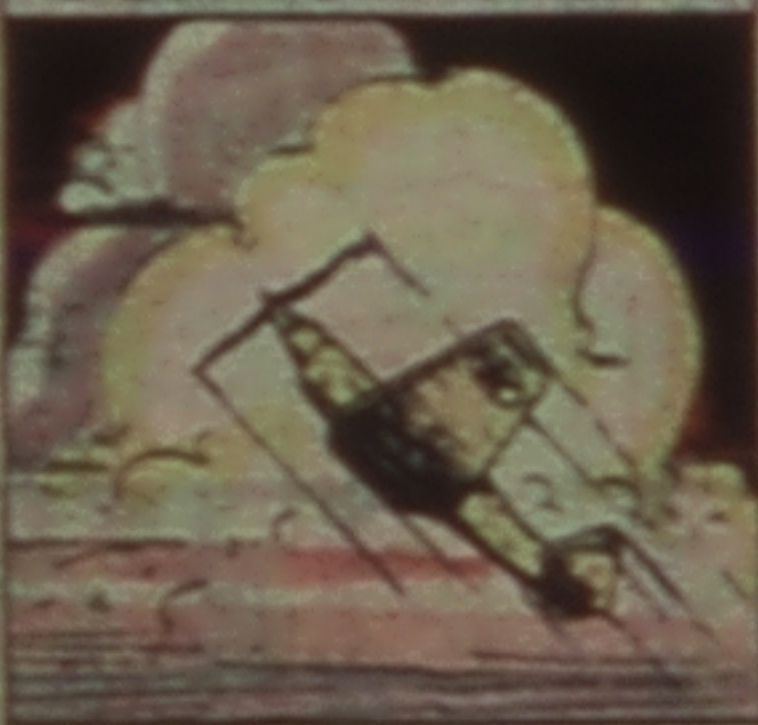
HE DIVES TO THE ATTACK...



CAUGHT ENTIRELY UNAWARES,
THE BOMBER IS RAKED
FROM NOSE TO TAIL.....



BANKING AROUND SPIN SHAW
HEADS IN FOR THE KILL.....



SUDDENLY FROM A HEAVY
BANK OF CLOUDS DIVE TWO
FASDICK PURSUIT PLANES.....



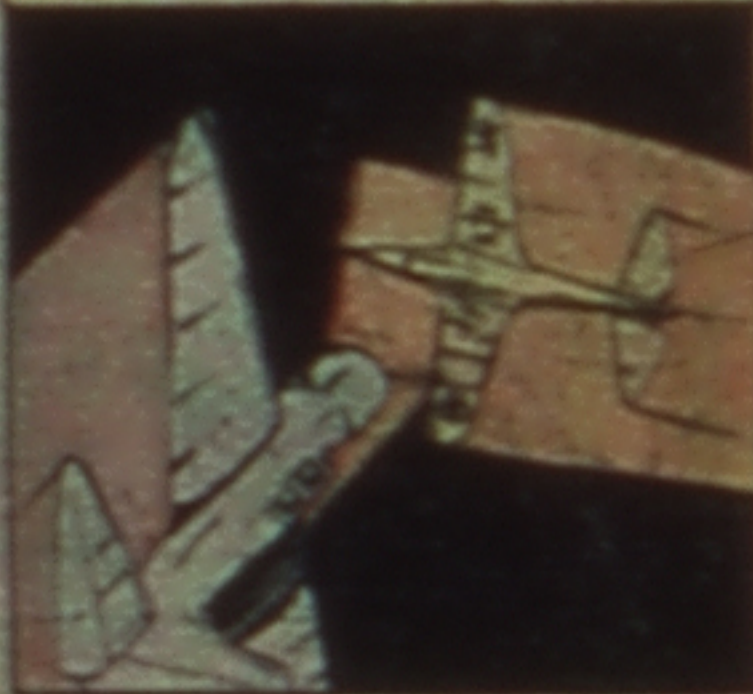
SPIN SHAW RAKES
THE BOMBER WITH
BULLETS AGAIN....



VEERING CRAZILY IT BREAKS
INTO FLAMES.....



THE FASDICK PLANES CON-
VERGE ON SPIN SHAW.....



WHEELING OVER,
SPIN CATCHES A
PLANE IN HIS
SIGHTS.....



AND AS HE COMPLETES THE
WHEEL, A SECOND PLANE
HURTTLES DOWN...



FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES THE
REMAINING PLANE FIGHTS
WITH SPIN SHAW...



SUDDENLY A BLAST HITS A
BOMB AND THE THIRD PLANE
BURSTS INTO FRAGMENTS...



SPIN SHAW HEADS
FOR HOME.....



AT THE
AIR
BASE.



SPIN, YOU
WERE RIGHT
ABOUT THOSE
FIRES, BUT NO
BOMBERS
CAME... DO
YOU STILL
WANT THAT
PLANE?

Captain BRUCE BLACKBURN

KIDS
OF
CALAMITY

by
JIMMY
FRANCE
and
JOHN
JIMMEL

OFFICIALLY DEAD
CAPTAIN BRUCE
BLACKBURN, ACE OF
ARMY INTELLIGENCE,
IS NOW INSIDE THE
ANTI-AMERICAN BAND
WHEN IN ACTION, HIS
PLACE IS TAKEN BY
HIS DOUBLE, JACKSON

IN A FAR DISTANT LAND

-AND THAT WAY, WE
CAPTURE THEIR NEW YORK!
THEY SAIL ON
THE ABELONE!

IT SHALL
BE DONE,
EXCELLENT!

COUNTERSPY

2 DAYS LATER, A LINER
SAILS FOR THE UNITED STATES



AT THE BAND HEADQUARTERS

THIS AVENGING DEMON!
HE ISN'T HUMAN, BLACK!



I AGREE, MY
LEADER! MEN
DON'T SWOOP
UP INTO
THE SKY!

THIS IS A LAUGH! IF HE
KNEW I WAS BRUCE BLACK-
BURN, AN INTELLIGENCE
OFFICER, AND THE DEMON!
GOOD THING I HAD THAT
SWOOPING APPARATUS.



IT'S WELL THAT
THE LITTLE MEN
DIDN'T SEE THIS
DEMON!

THEY ARE
NOT CHILDREN
BUT —

LEADER
SEE!



FINAL DAILY GAZETTE

**1000 REFUGEE CHILDREN
LAND FROM LINER ABELONE**

**STRAKE GIVES
ESTATE AS AN
ORPHAN HOME**

NEW HOME FOR YOUNG

**NEW BLAST
AT POWDER
PLANT!**

GOOD, GOOD!

THE STRAKE
ESTATE, EH?
I WONDER!



OUTSIDE. AN HOUR LATER

JACKSON, TAKE MY PLACE IN
THE BAND. I MAY BE ON
THE TRAIL OF SOMETHING
HOT!



OK, BRUCE!

WELL! 1000 VOLTS ON TOP
OF THOSE WALLS, EH? I WONDER
IF ITS TO KEEP ORPHANS IN,
OR THE PUBLIC OUT? I'LL
FIND OUT!



AND, OUTSIDE THE
STRAKE ESTATE!







BRUCE USES HIS CLOAK TO GUIDE HIS FALL, LIKE "SPILLING AIR" FROM A PARACHUTE!



THAT HAYSTACK! I MIGHT REACH IT!

THAT WAS TOO CLOSE!



WE GOT HIM!

SEARCH! HE MAY NOT BE DEAD!



ORPHANS AND STAFF SEARCH THE GROUNDS - BUT IN VAIN



CAPTAIN, WE CANNOT FIND HIM, PERHAPS HE IS THE FIEND HE SEEMS!



FIEND, BAH!

NEAR BRUCE'S HAYSTACK -

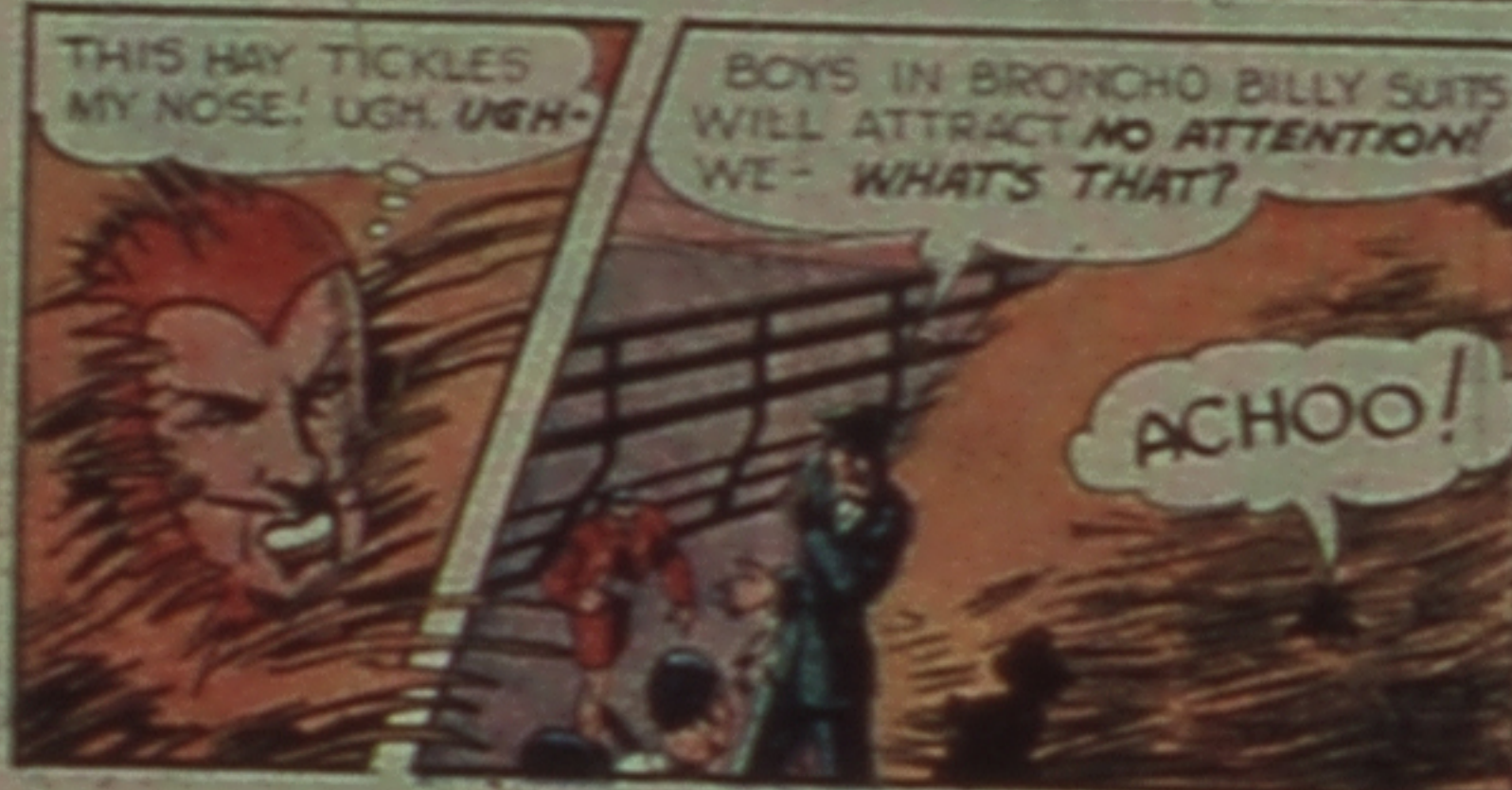
HE IS PROBABLY DEAD! TAKE NO MORE TIME TO HUNT, FOR TONIGHT WE TAKE OVER NEW YORK'S TRANSPORTATION AND POWER SYSTEMS FOR THE HOMELAND!



SO!

THIS HAY TICKLES MY NOSE! UGH. UGH-

BOYS IN BRONCHO BILLY SUITS WILL ATTRACT NO ATTENTION! WE - WHAT'S THAT?



ACHOO!

CAPTURED, BRUCE IS LOCKED IN A SMALL BARRED ROOM!

I WOULD SNEEZE AT A TIME LIKE THAT!



MEANWHILE, IN THE PLANE

THEY GOT THE CAPTAIN! SET DOWN IN SOME FIELD NEAR HERE. MAYBE I CAN HELP... I'M GOING BACK!



NEAR THE ORPHANAGE, GURK USES HIS FLASHLIGHT TO BLINK "B" IN MORSE CODE.

IF THE CAPTAIN SEES THIS, HE'LL GET THE IDEA!



"B" IN MORSE! GOOD OLD GURK! HOW CAN I SEND A MESSAGE TO HIM? MY ELECTRIC LIGHT!



AND SIGNALING WITH HIS
ELECTRIC LIGHT BRUCE
SENDS ORDERS TO GURK

W-A-T-C-H F-O-R K-I-D-S
I-N B-R-O-N-C-H-O B-I-L-L-Y



MEANWHILE, DOWNSTAIRS

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE
RADIO?



*SOMETIMES A CLOSING LIGHT
SWITCH WILL MAKE A RADIO CLICK

WHAT A PLOT! I MUST WARN
INTELLIGENCE THEN RESCUE
THE CAPTAIN! I'LL USE THE
PLANE'S RADIO!



GURK DASHES TO THE PLANE

SO! WARN THE ARMY,
EH? GUARD HIM UNTIL WE
COME BACK! WE'LL MAKE HIM
TALK!



YOU LOOK JUST LIKE BRONCHO
BILLY KIDS, EXCEPT- THE
LUGERS AND CARTRIDGES
ARE REAL. AND YOU KNOW
WHAT TO DO!



AND- TEN MINUTES LATER

LATER- AT POWER HOUSES-

THE GAMES UP! DROP THOSE
SUNS!



AND AT SUBWAY STATIONS

I SAID, DROP THAT GUN!



MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE
ORPHANAGE... BAD NEWS!!

SOLDIERS AND POLICE HAVE
JUST ARRESTED -



FIRST, WE
SHOOT THAT
YANKEE
SPY!

BUT LED BY GURK -

YOU'LL SHOOT NO ONE! PUT
UP YOUR HANDS!



CAPTAIN! YOU ALL RIGHT?



BRUCE, STOP IT! HE'S JUST
A CHILD!



-SHIPPED FROM THE HOMETLAND
TO CAPTURE NEW YORK... NO
ONE PAYS MUCH ATTENTION
TO KIDS, AND IT MIGHT HAVE
WORKED EXCEPT FOR ONE
THING. WHEN I SAW 'EM
SMOKING, AND ALL THE
BEER BARRELS, IT SPELLED
MIDGETS!



Mediterranean Madness

BY ROBERT M. HYATT



The attack came just after midnight. The Messerschmitts swept out of the skies in a tight gray phalanx, their wings war-torn and bloodstained. They roared low over the city, spilling tons of bombs. Buildings rocked, supplies were burst open and fuel tanks exploded, spurring flames over whole sections of Gibraltar.

The garrison awoke to the carnage too late. Anti-aircraft guns swiveled, barked their lethal charges skyward. Two of the enemy were shot down and several others forced to blunder off.

"Well, it's come at last!"

Sir Everett Gensby, Commandant of Gibraltar, spoke in a low voice to the officers gathered in the headquarters office. "Do you realize, gentlemen, that this is Britain's last outpost? There must have been hundreds killed in this raid!"

And, while the world gaped in awe at the audacity of the enemy, another appalling blitzkrieg was occurring in the blue Mediterranean. First it was the transport *Marlow* which sent its jolting signals into the ether: "Torpedoed by unknown source—" There followed a report of its location. The *Marlow* sank before aid could reach her.

One of the ships going to her rescue—the *S. S. Hudson*—was struck amidships an hour after midnight and went down with all hands.

A cruiser and two destroyers were next. All of them radioed similar reports: struck by torpedo; no sub visible.

Secretary of War, Sir Devon Brightside, had flown to Gibraltar the day be-

fore. He was closeted with Sir Everett Gensby.

"I can't understand it, Sir Everett—torpedo without sub—"

Sir Everett swore. "Oh, I see, Devon, simply because the ships didn't sight any sub doesn't mean—"

The phone on Sir Everett's desk jangled and he snatched up the receiver. He listened to an excited voice beat into his ear, then clapped the instrument on its hook. He turned slowly to Sir Devon, his face a deathly white.

"Egad, Devon! The *Cyclops* was torpedoed last night!"

"The *Cyclops*?" cried Sir Devon. "Impossible!"

The *Cyclops* was the world's largest battlewagon, reputed to be torpedo-proof.

Sir Devon's amazement found no expression in words. He simply stared, and the ticking of the clock on the mantel was the only sound. Then an aide entered, saluted.

"A gentleman to see you, sir, Perry Scott—says he's an American."

Sir Everett came out of the fog. "Show him in, Bates."

A tall, bronzed young chap stepped into the office. "I owe you an apology, sir," he said. "I was commissioned by your War Office, but had no time to cable you."

Sir Everett brushed that aside. "Get on with it, son. If you have any suggestions for getting us out of this dilemma, let's have it!"

"I believe I do," Perry stated quietly. "I

should like to try." Then, for five minutes Perry Scott detailed his plan. The two officials listened attentively, nodding occasionally. It was a mad scheme, mad in only "Americans can invent mad schemes"—so quipped Sir Everett.

"But heaven help me, anything that may stop this horrible outrage has my sanction!" Sir Everett turned to Perry. "You have my permission, son, to go ahead."

The audience was dotted with tight little groups of Royal Air Force flyers, every man jack of them jostling from a hope of hearing an unseen foe.

The commanding officer introduced Perry to several of the flyers, in all of whom he sensed an immediate animosity. He was a "Yank," a foreigner. What did he have that they didn't possess?

"I have an idea," Perry explained to them, "that may or may not work. Are you willing to shoot with me on it?"

Perry's genial good nature won them over. While a fast pursuit was being equipped with pointers for him, a fight came on.

The fight commander was surprised as he reported to his superior. "Sir, maybe I'm crazy. But I saw two ships blown clear out of the water just before dawn—and there was not a sign of a submarine. We bombed the vicinity, even tried depth charges." He shook his head. "It's a mystery, sir."

Perry was rowed out to his flying ship, with Haines, an expert gunner whom he was taking along. The ship was a trim Spitfire. It responded beautifully, lifting from the sea in a roar of power.

"I don't think we'll have much luck while it's light," Perry said into the phone. "If my hunch is correct these chaps work only at night."

They cruised on hour. They sighted several warships and a merchant vessel. All appeared calm down below. They flew over an old trawler and, through the glass, Perry could see a score of Oriental faces peering up at them. Fishermen, perhaps.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUG. 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1911, of FEATURE COMICS, published monthly, at Cleveland, Ohio, for Oct. 1, 1943.

I, Everett M. Arnold, who, having been duly sworn according to law, depose and say that he is the Business Manager of the FEATURE COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the above publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1911, embodied in section 392, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Comic Favorites, Inc., 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn.; Editor, Edward Orin, 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn.; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, Everett M. Arnold, 178 Shore Road, Old Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Comic Favorites, Inc., 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn.; Everett M. Arnold, 178 Shore Road, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Frank J. Mackey, 349 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Henry P. Martin, Jr., 8 Foster Drive, Des Moines, Iowa; Frank J. Murphy, 114 Weaver Street, Larchmont, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 12th day of September, 1943.

LOUIS J. KURIANSKY, Notary Public. (My commission expires February 1, 1944.)

EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Business Manager.

It was after they had passed over the craft that Perry spotted something intriguing. The trawler was towing an unwieldy device made of heavy mesh.

"Bait tank," Haines vouchsafed.

There was one thing that stuck in Perry's mind long after the trawler had fallen behind: when they had passed over it, those Orientals had been frantically drawing a tarpaulin over a large section of the deck. What for?

A sudden horrible thought hit Perry. Certain Orientals used torpedoes in which a man rode through the water to his doom—"suicide squadron" it was called by the press. Could that trawler...

Perry banked sharply and headed back. He explained to Haines as they flew. Darkness had fallen now and the sea was a piece of ebony velvet. The running lights of a couple of ships passed underneath.

Perry flew on, watching for the trawler. But the black sea had evidently swallowed it up. Their fuel supply was running low. Ten minutes yet.

Then he saw a strange disturbance in the water a thousand yards off. He flew over it. It traveled fast, leaving a phosphorescent trail behind. It turned suddenly and headed in the opposite direction. The fuel danger bell rang and Perry brought the ship down on the sea.

"It was a torpedo, if I ever saw one!" Perry cried. "And it was being controlled—somehow."

Haines looked dubious. "I've heard of 'em, but I never saw one before."

They had lost sight of the torpedo,

but a mile off they could make out the running lights of a transport. As Perry watched, another astonishing thing happened: a huge, phosphorescent spot grew out of the sea. It seemed to be traveling with the ship.

"What the—" he began.

A terrific explosion ripped the atmosphere. The ship seemed to separate, its nose lifting, and its superstructure shooting far into the sky, ablaze.

"Torpedoed!" shouted Perry.

Five amphibians landed on the water nearby. Perry and Haines quickly put off in their rubber boat. In a moment they had climbed aboard one of the bombers and were soon aloft. The bomber's searchlight picked out the trawler, running dark, below them.

"That's it," Perry said. "That's the bait we want!"

The bombers settled, circled the darkened craft, and landed in a circle. Perry and the squad commander boarded the craft. A yellow-faced official scowled at them, demanding to know what they wanted.

"Routine inspection," the commander told him.

The hold of the boat contained explosives—and something else. A huge live shark lay in a groove at the terminus of which was a sea-trap that opened outward.

"What the dickens does that mean?" asked the commander.

"Let's take a look at that bait tank," said Perry.

The "bait tank" was a huge steel cage which held captive some score of enormous sharks!

"Do you get the significance?" Perry said to the commander. The latter shook his head. "Then we'll take a look at that shark below."

Once more in the hold of the trawler, Perry pointed out something the officer had failed to notice before. On the shark's head was strapped a powerful mine and detonator.

"Now then," explained Perry, "here's the way I see it. They use a one-man torpedo—it's moored alongside. When they spot a ship they send the torpedo after it. It comes up close and shoots a stream of phosphor against the hull, just under water. As you know, a certain species of shark will attack anything that shines or glows. Get it?"

The commander gasped. "What a bloody stunt!"

Perry went on: "They fasten a deadly charge of explosive on the shark's head, he aims at the phosphor target—and we know the rest. That way they kill a lot of sharks, but they save their men. Clever, what?"

Another PERRY SCOTT Thriller
THE BLACK RAIDER
IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE OF
FEATURE COMICS / On Sale
DECEMBER 20TH

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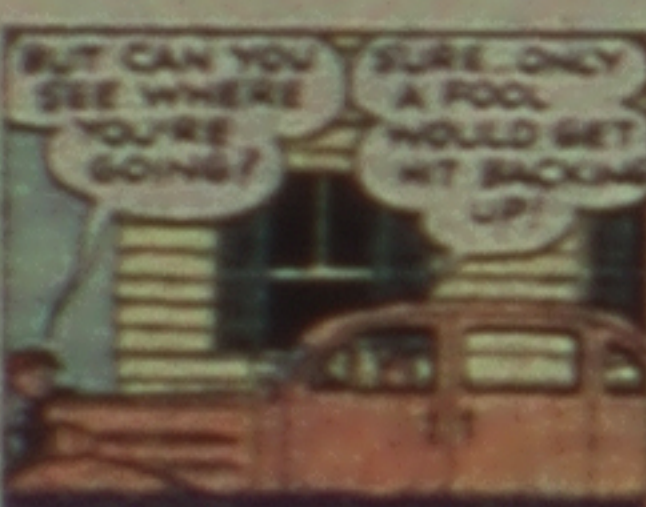
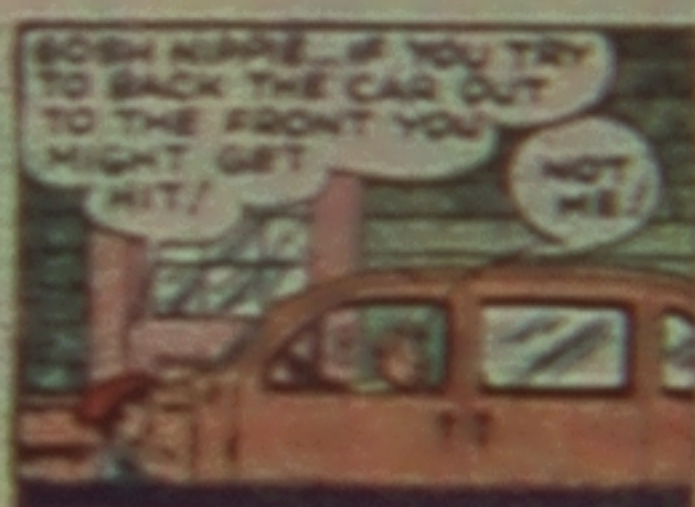
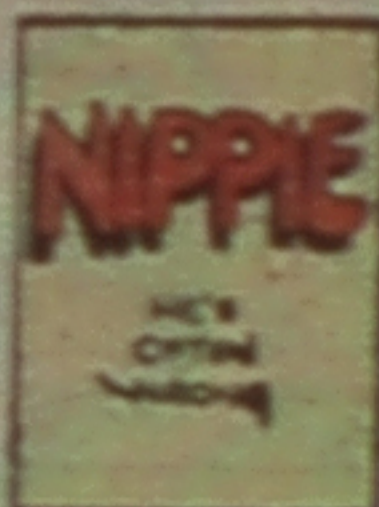
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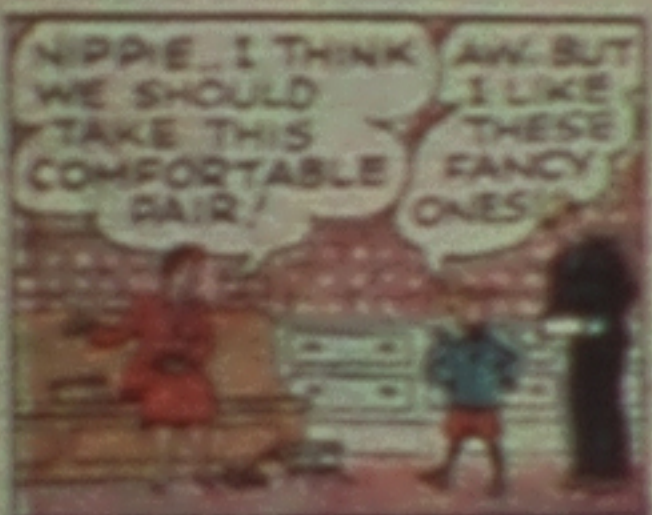
FIRST IN 1877 · FIRST IN 1940



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

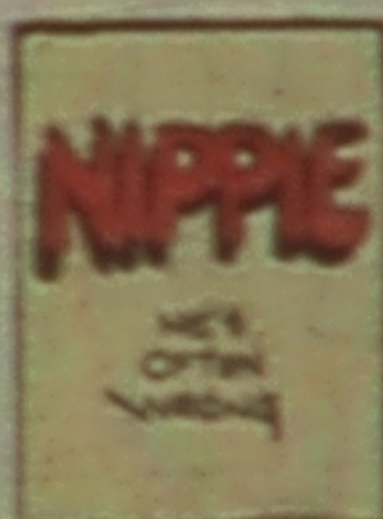




MICKEY FINN

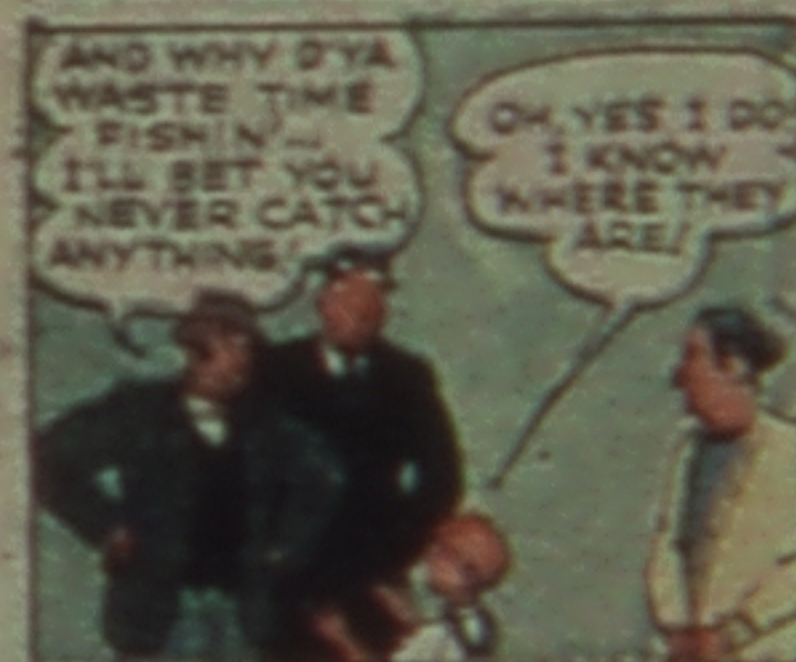
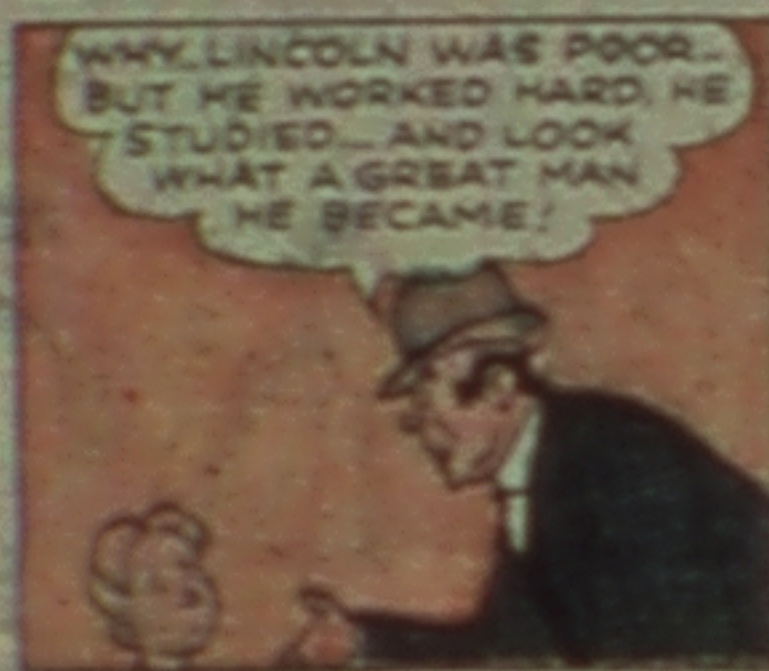
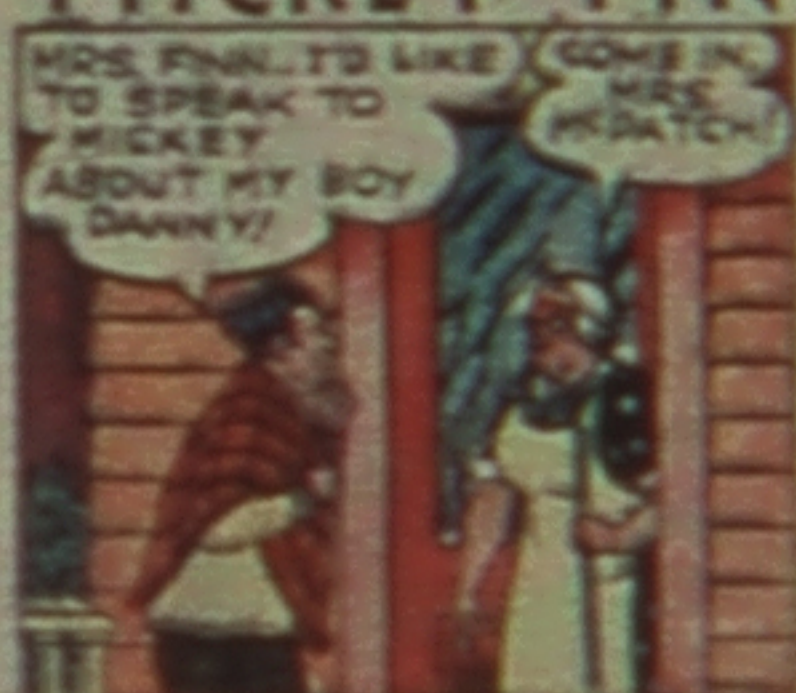
By LANK LEONARD





MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



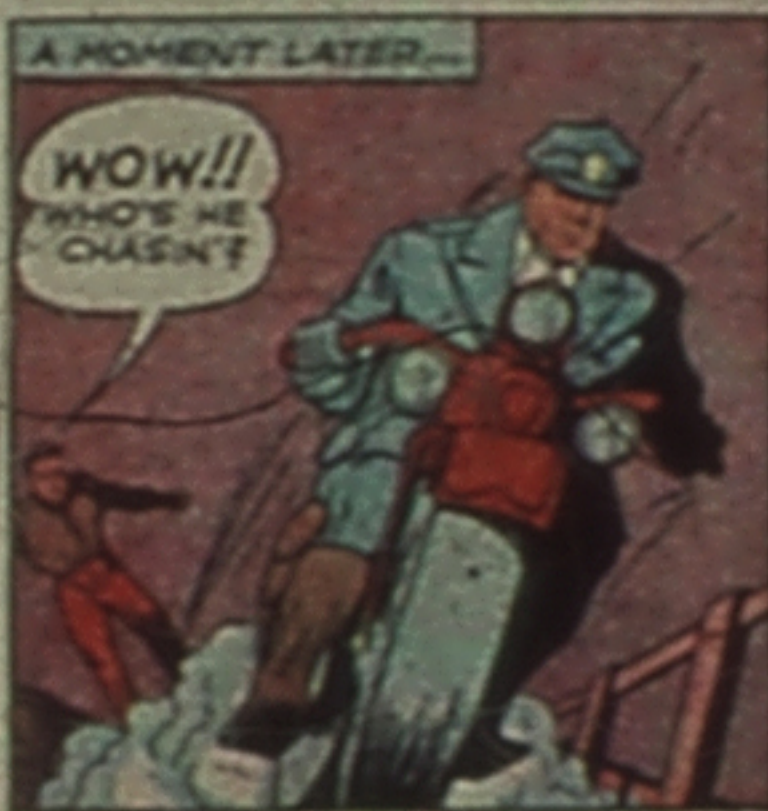
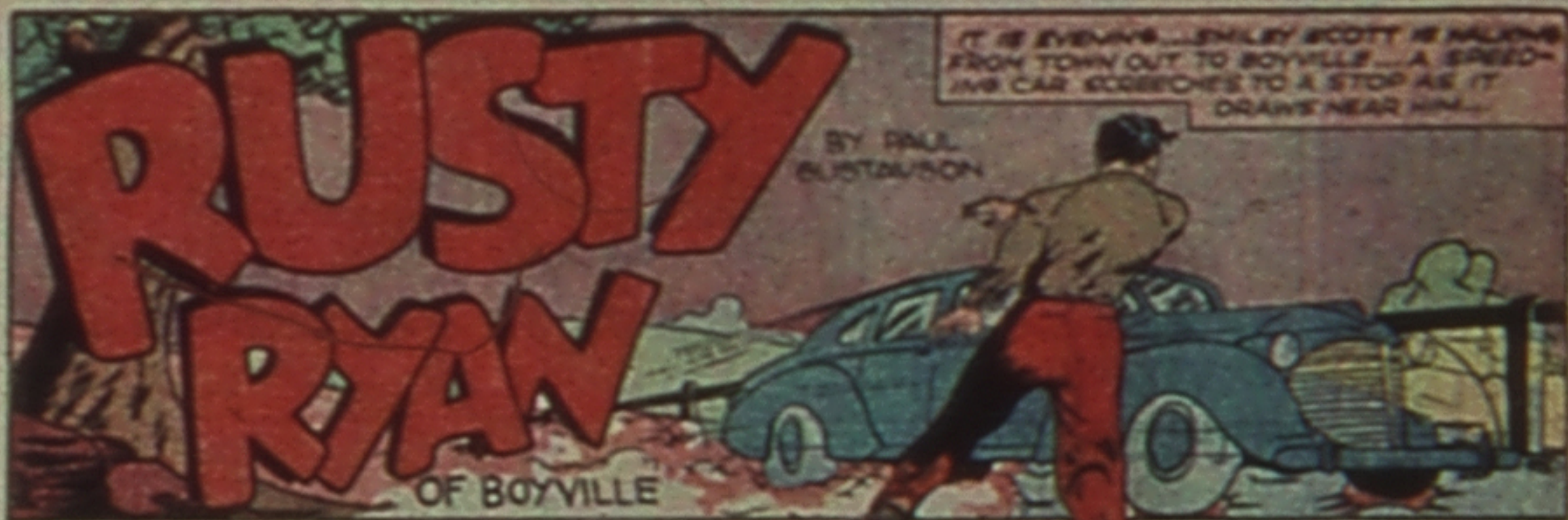


MICKEY FINN

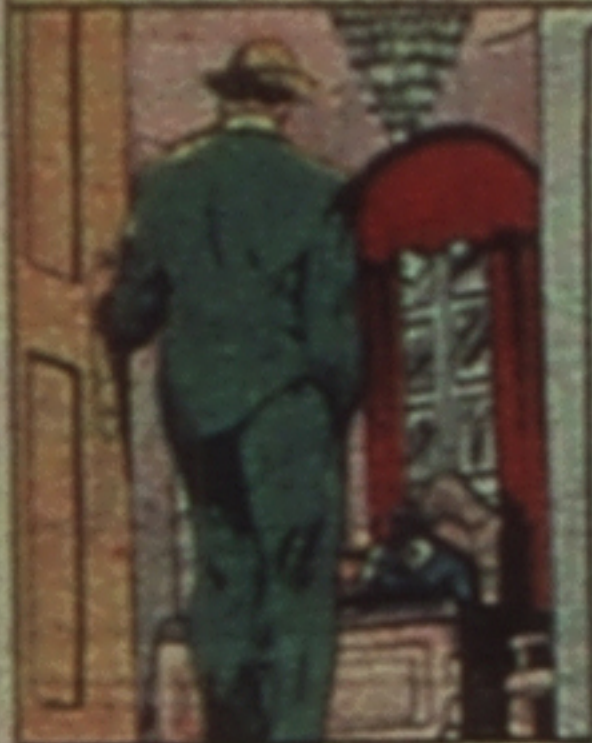
By LANK LEONARD



Mickey Finn and Uncle Phil appear each month in FEATURE COMICS.



WITHOUT KNOCKING THE
STRANGER OPENS CAPPY'S DOOR
AND ENTERS...



ER...HELLO...
ANYTHING I
CAN DO FOR
YOU?

SURE...
LOTS!



OH...I SEE YOU READ THE
PAPER...WELL, THOSE BOYS
THAT TH' COPS GOT ARE PALS
OF MINE...AN' I NEED A COUPLE
OF WITNESSES TO SWEAR
THEY WAS HERE
WHEN THAT
BANK WAS
ROBBED!



GET OUT...
BEFORE I
THROW YOU
OUT!

EASY,
POP!



I S'POSE YA DON'T KNOW
ONE OF YOUR KIDS, SMILEY
SCOTT, WAS IN ON THE JOB!
HE'S GOT THE FIFTY GRAND
IN HIS ROOM!



I DON'T BELIEVE
IT!

OKAY...THEN
WHY DON'T
YA TAKE A
LOOK?



AND IN SMILEY SCOTT'S ROOM
THE THREE FIND THE PACKAGE
OF MONEY STOLEN FROM THE
BANK...



YOU FRAMED
ALL THIS
BUSINESS!

SURE...BUT THE
BOYS WILL SWEAR
THAT TH' KID WAS
IN ON IT...IF YA
DON'T SAY THEY
WERE HERE!



THINK IT OVER, POP! Y'KNOW,
BREEDING CROOKS IS A BAD
BUSINESS, ER...JUST HOLD ON
TO TH' DOUGH...IT WOULDN'T BE
WISE TO TURN IT OVER
TO TH' COPS...
S'LONG NOW!



CAPPY, I DIDN'T
KNOW WHAT
WAS IN THAT
PACKAGE...

I KNOW, DON'T
WORRY NOW,
SMILEY!



WHAT ARE WE
GOING TO DO,
CAPPY?

THERE'S ONLY
ONE THING TO
DO, RUSTY!



I'LL HAVE TO SWEAR THOSE
CROOKS WERE HERE! THEY
WON'T NEED ANY OTHER
PROOF...MY WORD IS
GOOD ANYWHERE!





POOR CADDY... WE HAVE TO THINK UP SOMETHING REAL FAST TO GET HIM OUT OF THIS MESS!



THE DAY OF THE TRIAL...

YOUR HONOR, I WILL NOW PROVE THAT THE STATE HAS BUILT UP A CASE OF MALICIOUS LIES AGAINST MY CLIENTS!



CADDY JENKE IS CALLED AND A BUZZ OF EXCITEMENT NOW FILLS THE COURTROOM...



WHILE OUTSIDE...

C'MON, FELLAS. CADDY'S GOIN' UP ON THE STAND!



AND THE BOYS COME SWARMING INTO THE COURTROOM...



ULP... S-SAY!... WHAT'S THIS? SILENCE THERE! SILENCE! SILENCE!



WE'RE WITNESSES, JUDGE!

AHEM... ALL RIGHT! BE SEATED AND KEEP QUIET!



WHY ARE YOU STARING AT ME?

WHY CADDY! YOU LOOK SICK!



YEH... DOESN'T HE LOOK AWFUL FELLAS!

HUH?

GEE... WE'D BETTER GET HIM OUT OF HERE!



W-WHAT TH' H-HEY!

OH... I HOPE WE GET HIM OUT IN TIME!



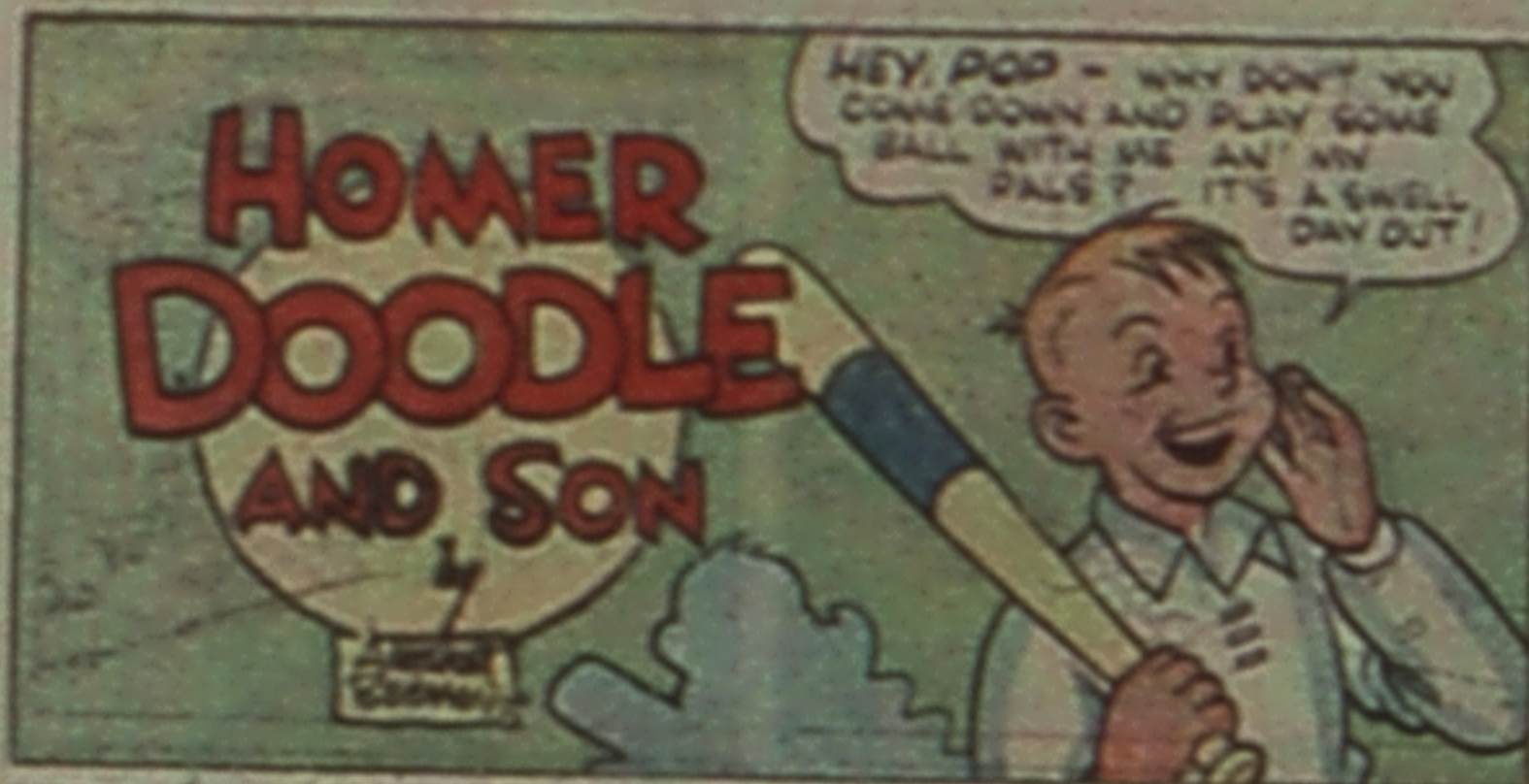
IT'S ALL RIGHT, JUDGE... CADDY JUST GOT AWFUL SICK... ER... WE WERE AFRAID THAT HE'D HAVE A FIT OR SOMETHING.



DON'T WORRY THERE, MISTER. WE'LL ALL TESTIFY LIKE YOU WANTED US TO... CALL ON ME. NAME'S RUSTY RYAN!

OKAY!







Follow Homer Doodle and Son in the February issue of FEATURE COMICS.

REYNOLDS OF THE MOUNTAINS

by ADT DING JIAN

ON HIS WAY TO THE CREE INDIAN VILLAGE, SERGEANT JIM REYNOLDS MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS....

THERE'S THE VILLAGE NOW!

SUDDENLY A HUGE FORM LEAPS FROM THE BUSHES....

GRIZZLY!

BEFORE HE CAN FIRE, A CRACKLING SOUND FILLS THE AIR, AND....

A FIGURE STEPS OUT FROM BEHIND A ROCK AND GIVES A SHARP COMMAND TO THE SHAGGY BEAR....

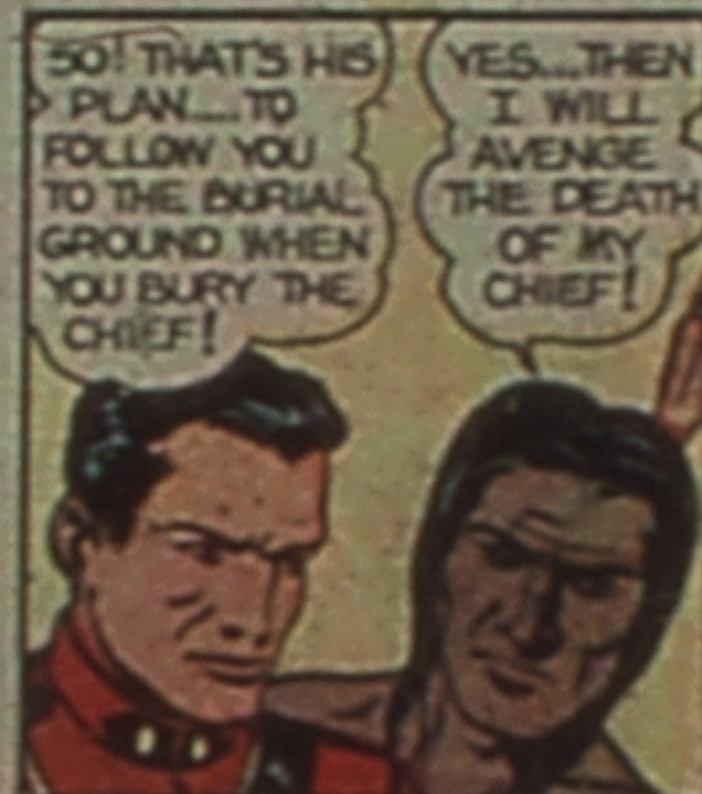
I AM GLAD YOU DID NOT SHOOT SOONER, MOUNTIE—THIS IS MY FRIEND, CHOO—HE WILL NOT HARM YOU... HE OBEYS MY COMMAND!

WHEW! HE DOES MAKE A NICE PET... WHAT'S YOUR NAME, INDIAN BOY?

I AM AKU, THE MOUNTAIN BOY—MY FATHER WAS A WHITE MAN WHO LIVED WITH THE INDIANS... HE TAUGHT ME THE LANGUAGE AND WAYS OF THE WHITE MAN BEFORE HE DIED... MY MOTHER WAS AN INDIAN....

I'M SERGEANT JIM REYNOLDS! I'D LIKE TO BE YOUR FRIEND!

SO YOU PREFER TO LIVE UP HERE WITH YOUR PET, EH?—GOOD LUCK, AKU... BE SEEING YOU!



NEXT MORNING - WHITE EAGLE LEAVES FOR THE SECRET BURIAL GROUND OF THE CREE INDIAN TRIBE.



REYNOLDS MAKES A THOROUGH SEARCH OF THE VILLAGE.



GRAYSON AND HIS MAN HAVE DISAPPEARED! I'LL FOLLOW WHITE EAGLE IN CASE GRAYSON TRIES ANYTHING!

AN HOUR LATER... UNWARE OF REYNOLDS TRAILING HIM, WHITE EAGLE RIDES ON.



FUNNY... CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY GRAYSON HASN'T SHOWN UP YET...



NOT FAR AWAY...

GRAYSON WAS RIGHT... THE MOUNTIES' TRAILIN' WHITE EAGLE... THIS SHOT WILL FINISH 'IM!



JUST AS BUCK IS ABOUT TO PULL THE TRIGGER...



WHY, YOU LITTLE -- I'LL KILL YOU WITH MY BARE HANDS...



BUT THE LITHE BODY DODGES AND WEAVES IN WITH A POWERFUL BLOW...



STAND GUARD OVER HIM CHOO-I WILL SEND A SMOKE MESSAGE TO MY FRIEND SERGEANT JIM!



WHAT'S THAT SMOKE... HEY! IT'S A MESSAGE...



IT SAYS, 'CHOO AND ME HOLD GRAYSON FRIEND WHO TRIED SHOOT YOU - AKU - WELL - I'LL BE...!!



MEANWHILE WHITE EAGLE ENTERS THE SECRET BURIAL PLACE...



CHRISTMAS

Just send Red Ryder the coupon for your FREE — *Red Ryder*
PINKETON MEMORANDUM KIT containing 36

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Do this puzzle correctly and win a free pennant for your bike or room

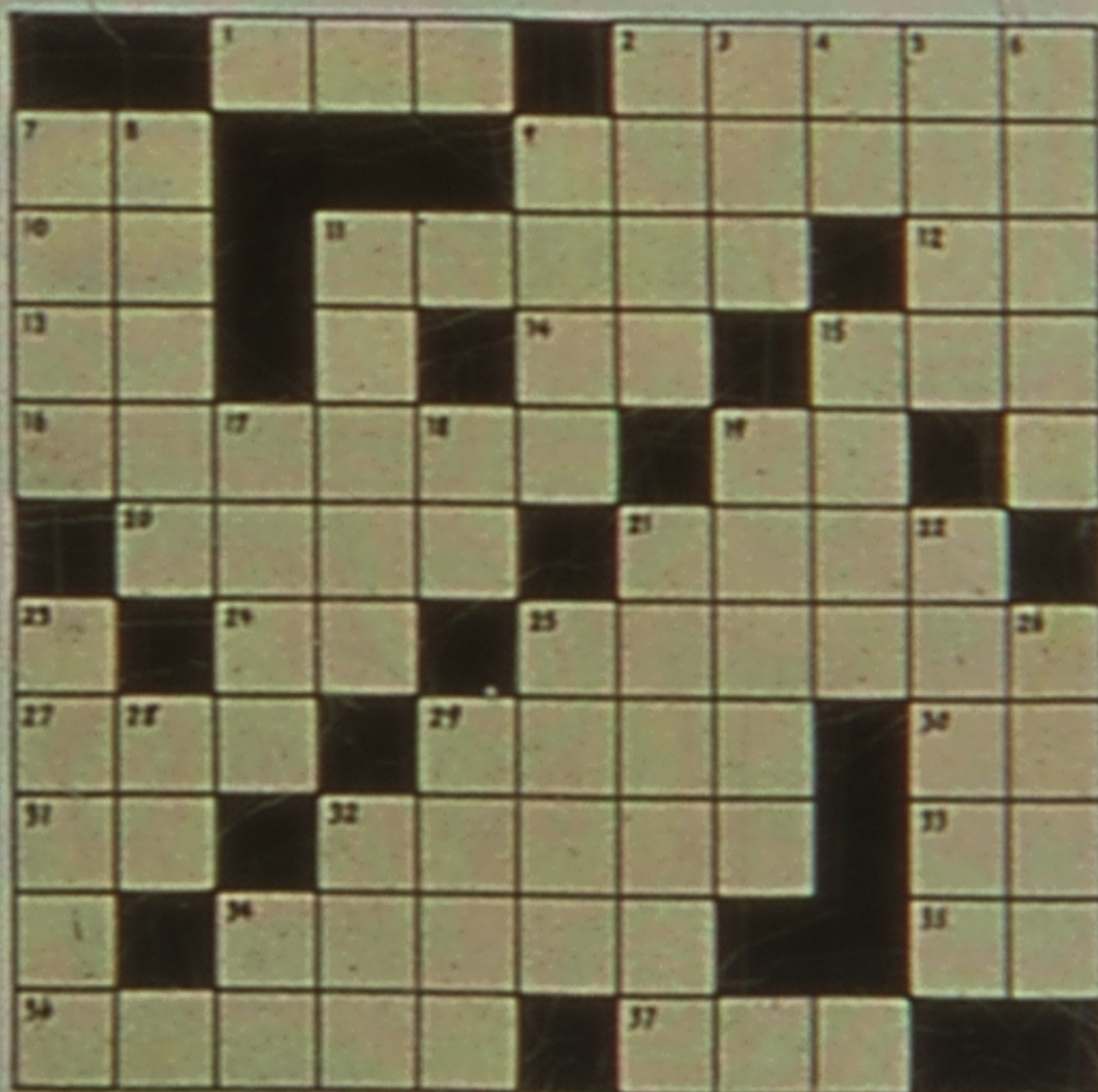


WORDS READING ACROSS

1. The opposite of little—the kind of hub on a good coaster brake.
2. What telephone wires are held up by.
7. Abbreviation for Louisiana.
9. The bicycle coaster brake that's been famous for 40 years.
10. French or Latin for "and" (ask your big brother or sister).
11. The most important part of a bike (ask your mother or dad)?
12. What you want a bike to do (and how?)
13. The nickname of a boy named Albert.
14. You and I.
15. An automobile.
16. How you travel when the path is clear and you've the world's best brake.
19. A common title for Father.
20. A cabin without some of its walls.
21. Opposite of whole—a portion.
24. Little word usually used with "either".
25. Greatest builder of automobile brakes, also world's best bike coaster brake.
27. The word poets sometimes use, meaning the opposite of "close".
29. The green "outdoors" that peas grow in.
30. Prefix meaning "formerly", used when speaking of a man who used to be president or governor or champion.
31. First-person-singular of verb "to be".
32. To draw up troops in the order of battle or to dress impressively.
33. The two letters at the beginning of a doctor's prescription blank.
34. Wicker basket carried by fishermen.
35. Spanish word for "yes"—first word of the chorus of "Penny Serenade".
36. Delicious.
37. Any boy.

WORDS READING DOWN

2. To jab or prod with a stick.
3. Rock or earth with metal in it, as it is dug from a mine.
4. What your father writes after his name, if you are named after him.
5. Mantle or cloak Roman senators used to wear. (See big brother or sister again.)
6. Soldier's weapon not much used now.
7. The part of a tree that usually falls off in Autumn.
8. Big book of maps—also the giant of Greek mythology supposed to have held up the world on his shoulders.



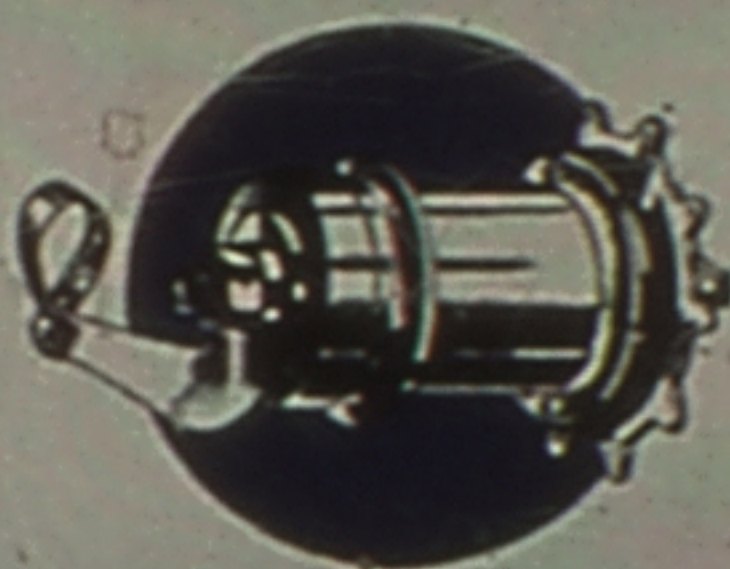
9. Last half of the name of a famous college for women.
11. A dog that seizes you with its teeth.
13. A piece of pasteboard.
17. Footwear—also a brand part of the world's best bicycle coaster brake.
18. A nickname for a boy named Edward.
19. A flower—also slang for "silly".
21. There's a pair of these on every bicycle—push back on them and you will stop quickly with the world's best coaster brake.
22. Rows of things, like seats in a stadium or packages on shelves.
23. What you do when you stop pedaling your bike—and do it longer with the world's best brake.
25. What you do with a drill—also what people who talk too much do to you.
26. Roman numerals (Remember—*IVXLCDM*) which tell you the number of ball bearings in the world's best coaster brake—more than any other.
28. Abbreviation for afternoon.
29. Any animal seized by another for food.
32. Good pictures, statues or music—also a boy's nickname.
34. Abbreviation for Christian Science.

FILL in the correct words neatly and send this puzzle in to us for your FREE bicycle pennant—makes your bike look snappy—looks fine on the wall of your room too. And when you get a new bike, remember to make sure it has the world's finest coaster brake—the famous one that's named in the puzzle. Address—

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Be Sure They Know IT'S *Flexible Flyer* that YOU WANT

Whether it's a sled or skis you want, be sure that everyone (including Santa Claus) knows that the kind you want most of all is Flexible Flyer. Flexible Flyer Sleds give you Super-Steering with twice the turning range of other sleds. Flexible Flyer's Safety-Airline runners do

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